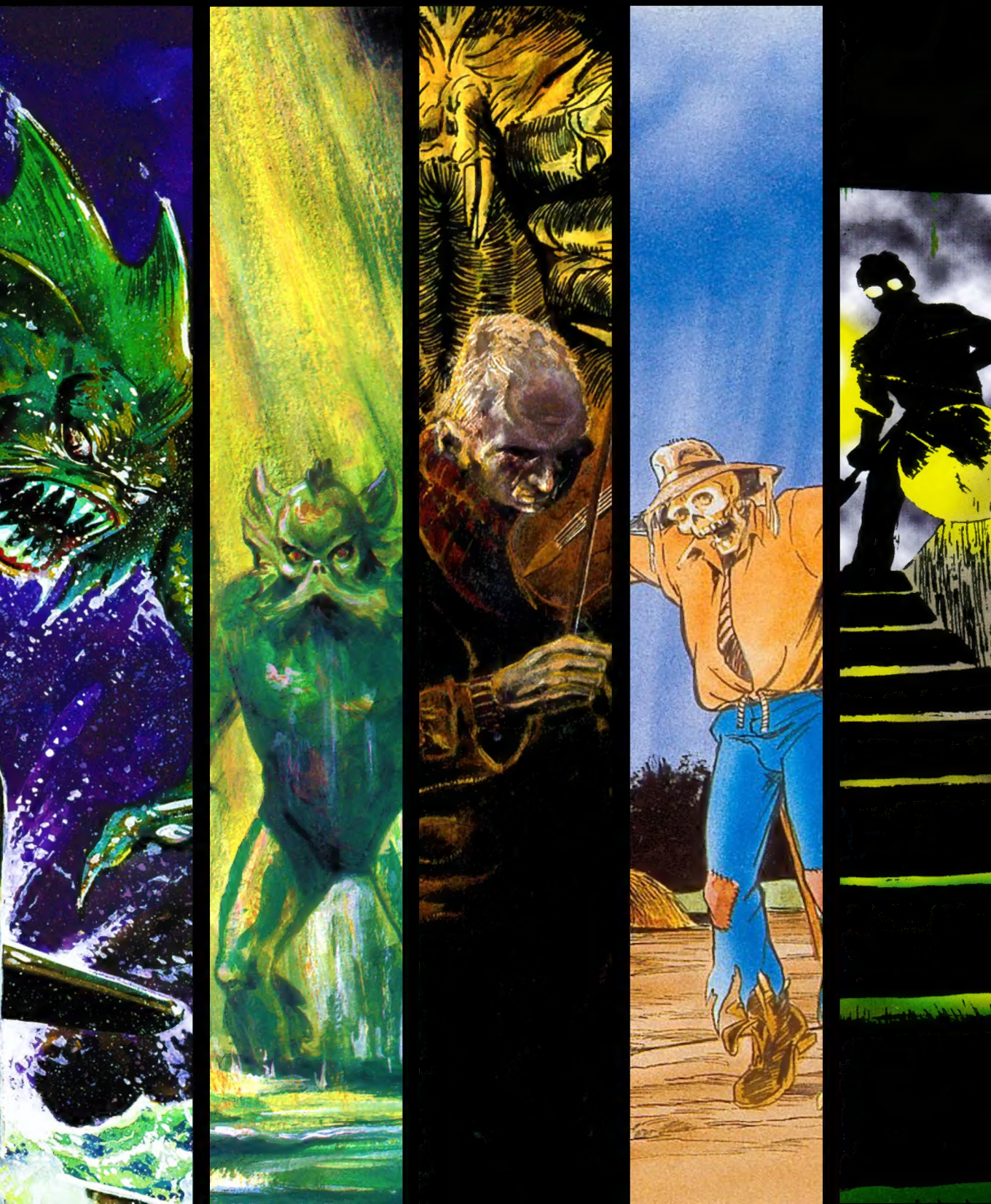
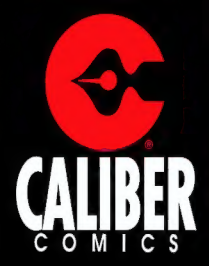
CALIBER COMICS

The Worlds Of H.P. LOVECRAFT 2





The Worlds Of H.P. LOVECRAFT 2

COLLECTS STORIES FIRST PUBLISHED BY CALIBER PRESS

BASED ON STORIES BY H.P. LOVECRAFT
ADAPTED BY STEVEN PHILIP JONES

DAGON
ILLUSTRATED & LETTERED BY SERGIO CARIELLO
WITH ART ASSISTS BY KEITH CHAMPAGNE,
W. MARTINEK, R. MILLER, & TOM ROBERTS

FACTS CONCERNING THE LATE ARTHUR JERMYN
AND HIS FAMILY
ILLUSTRATED BY WAYNE REID
LETTERED BY SUSAN DORNE

THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN
ILLUSTRATED & LETTERED BY ALDIN BAROZA

THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE
ILLUSTRATED BY ROB DAVIS
LETTERED BY SUSAN DORNE

THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER
ILLUSTRATED & LETTERED BY CHRIS JONES

ART DIRECTOR/PRODUCTION:NATE PRIDE
PRODUCTION:MARK WINFREY
EDITOR/ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:JAMES PRUETT
PUBLISHER:GARY REED

A Few Introductory Notes About H.P. Lovecraft:

- Born 20 August 1890 at his maternal grandparents' house in Providence, Rhode Island. Only child of Winifield Scott and Sarah Susan Phillips Lovecraft.

- Father dies in institution in 1893 of paresis, a disease of the brain caused by syphilis of the central nervous system. Mother is institutionalized in 1919, where she will die in 1921. (Not surprisingly, variations on the theme of hereditary madness will be potent plot elements of some of Lovecraft's masterpieces, including *Rats in the Walls* and *Case of Charles Dexter Ward.*)

- Lovecraft's maternal grandfather, Whipple Phillips, was a positive force on the boy until his death in 1904. Sarah Susan moved with her son into her father's Providence home in 1893, where Whipple encouraged the boy to make use of his extensive library. (Lovecraft will pay homage to his grandfather through the character of Dr. Elihu Whipple in *The Shunned House.*)

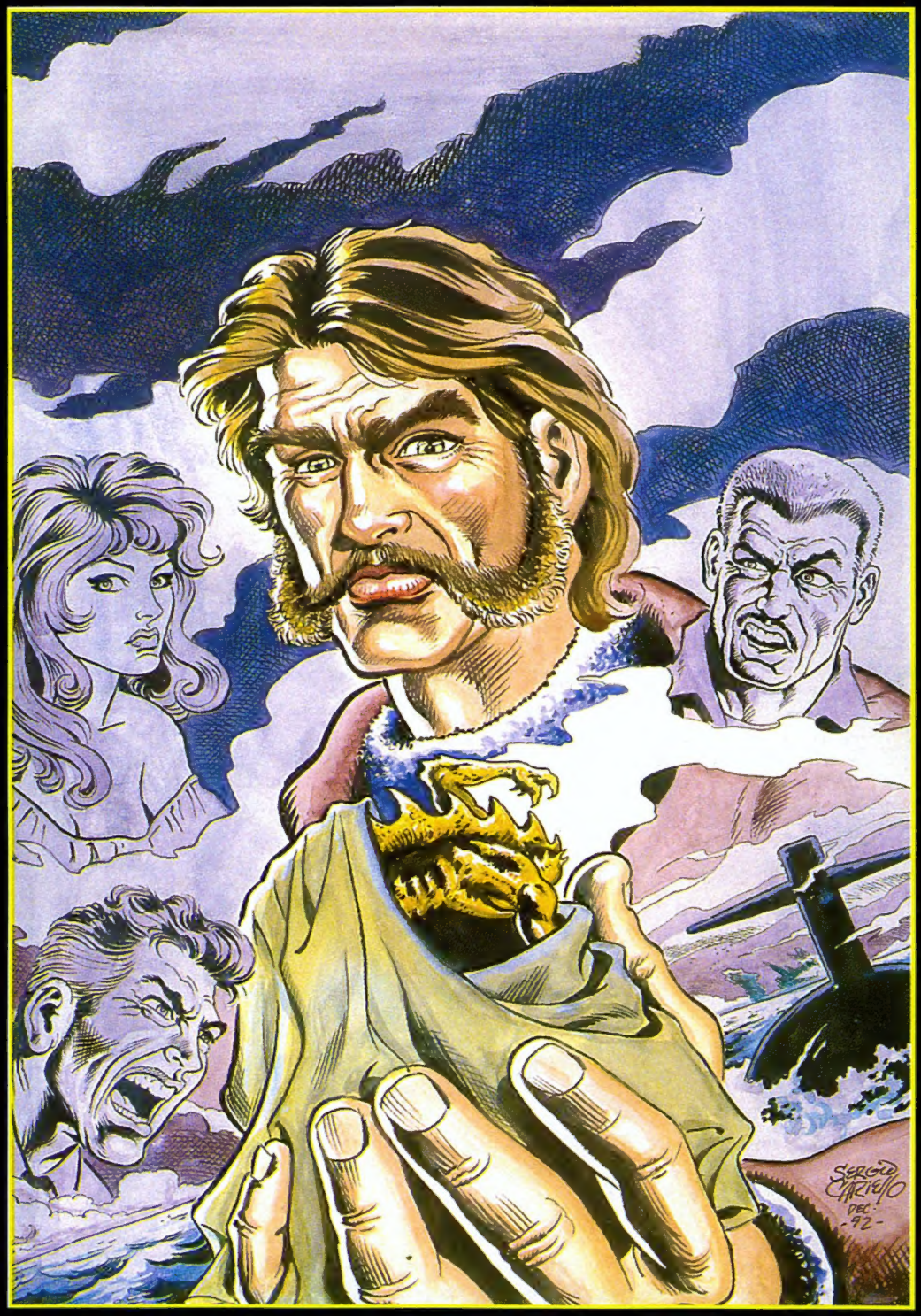
- Lovecraft never graduated high school or attended college, but educated himself to be an extremely intelligent man. He read exhaustively, could translate text from Latin as an adolescent, was conversant on the latest developments in such natural sciences as chemistry and astronomy throughout his life, and included a number of New England scholars and intellectuals among his correspondents and friends.

- A fastidious thinker, Lovecraft carefully studied the genre of weird literature. His *Supernatural Horror in Literature* is an important study of the genre in the 19th and early 20th century. He was also one of the first American authors to champion the importance of Edgar Allan Poe.

- Except for two years spent in New York immediately after his marriage to Sonia Greene, Lovecraft spent his entire life living in Providence, Rhode Island.

- Dies of cancer 15 March 1937.

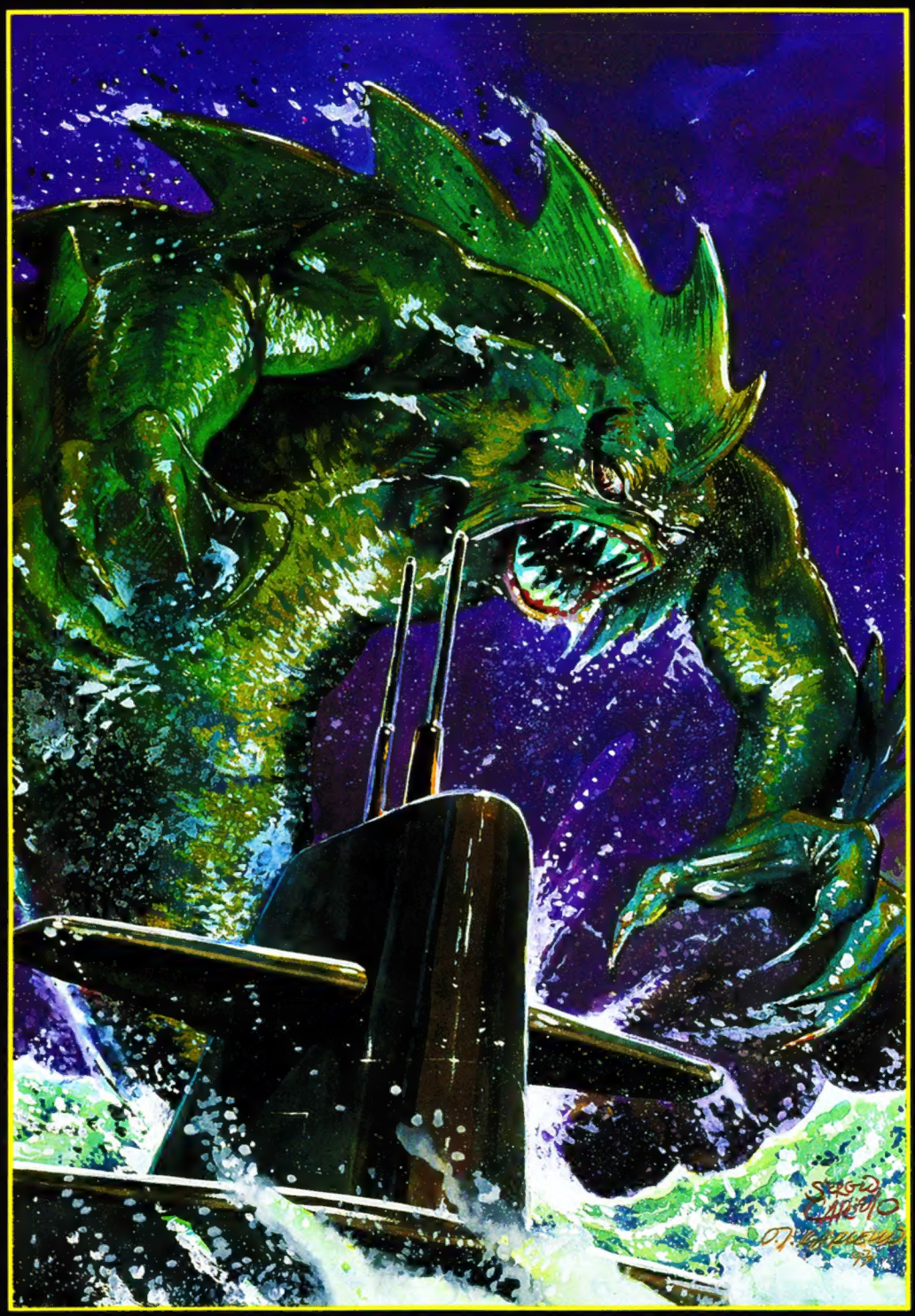
The WORLDS of H.P. LOVECRAFT



DAGON

CALIBER PRESS 1(OF 2) $2.95/ $3.25 CAN

The WORLDS of H.P. LOVECRAFT

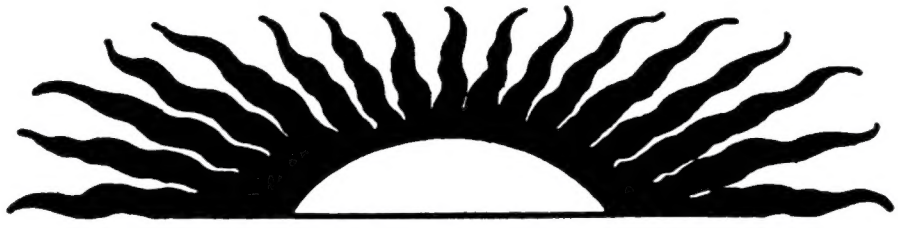


CALIBER PRESS $2.95/$3.50 Can ISSUE 2 (OF 2) MATURE AUDIENCES

DAGON

DAGON

"In the name of geat Oceanus; by the eath shaking Neptune's mace. Dagon rises once more. Dagon, Lord of the Deep Ones, commands the tides once more. Dagon rises! He rises!



LOVECRAFT: The Early Days

In 1917 Howard Phillips Lovecraft's amateur press friend, W Paul Cook, persuaded Lovecraft to try his hand at writing short stories. That summer, Lovecraft wrote his first two serious pieces of weird fiction: "The Tomb" (June) and "Dagon" (July). And so his journey to become a writer began, according to Donald Burleson in his *H.P Lovecraft, A Critical Study.*

Lovecraft had written fiction as a young boy, even horror stories, with titles such as "The Little Glass Bottle," "The Secret of the Grave," and "The Haunted House." Two adolescent efforts, "The Beast in the Cave" (April 21, 1905) and "The Alchemist" (1908) survive and demonstrate a great deal of promise and ability in a writer so young as well as anticipate the style of fiction the older Lovecraft would write later.

"A month after writing 'The Tomb,' Burleson continues, "Lovecraft produced another tale, 'Dagon,' his first story to appear in *Weird Tales.* Like his earlier effort, this story shows considerable influences from Edgar Allan Poe, an author Lovecraft spoke highly of and championed throughout his life. Lovecraft's narrator is of doubtful mental stability, confessing straight away that he is writing under the influence of morphine. More, he plans to leap out his window once he has finished writing an account of a memory that has made his life unbearable. Like Poe, the young Lovecraft puts his reader in the position of deciding rather he wants to believe the narrator or not, a technique the nineteenth century writer used in stories like "The Black Cat" and "The Tell-Tale Heart."

Many readers consider "Dagon" to be the first of the infamous Cthulhu Mythos, apparently unassociated stories whose horrors are propagated by cosmic dieties or their blasphemous spawn, a few hybrids of willing human couplings. A comparative reading with the 1926 long story, "Call of Cthulhu," might demonstrate that, as Burleson suggests, "Lovecraft was a writer of the *idee fixe*; sometimes a given image or motif reappears, though always newly adorned, in Lovecraft's work over a period of many years." And, in many ways, "The Tome" seems to foreshadow the classic "Rats in the Walls" (September 1923) which foreshadows Lovecraft's finest novel, "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward (1927), a few themes from which are even reworked in the later Poe-esque masterpiece, "The Thing on the Doorstep." (1933).

As far as I can tell this is the only time Lovecraft borrowed the name of a pre-established god for one of his dieties. Dagon, the national god of the Philistines, is mentioned in the Biblical book of Judges, 1 Samuel, and Chronicles, its temple icons represented with the face and hands of a man but with the tail of a fish, the latter form a natural emblem of fruitfulness. Rather a quaint merman actually, and a far cry from the "vast, Polyphemus-like, and loathsome" creature Lovecraft presents in his story.

Even though it is not considered one of his great stories, "Dagon" is important to the Lovecraft canon. "Although it scarcely shows Lovecraft approaching the full development of his narrative powers," Burleson writes, "(it) clearly foreshadows the later efforts and gives us an early glimpse of some of his fictional techniques and devices---the isolated character, the narrator of tantalizingly questionable trustworthiness, the careful linguistic manipulation of mood, the suggestive vagueness of description, and the impressionistic emphasis on narrator response to the horror---devices that would come to shape Lovecraft's work increasingly in later years."

Steven P. Jones
May 5, 1993

H.P. LOVECRAFT'S

DAGON

I am writing this under an appreciable mental strain, since by to-night I shall be no more. Penniless, and at the end of my supply of the drug which alone makes life endurable, I can bear the torture no longer; and shall cast myself from this garret window into the squalid street below. Do not think from my slavery to morphine that I am a weakling or a degenerate. When you have read these hastily scrawled pages you may guess, though never fully realise, why it is that I must have forgetfulness or death.

It was in one of the most open and least frequented parts of the broad Pacific that the packet of which I was supercargo fell a victim to the German sea-raider. The great war was then at its very beginning, and the ocean forces of the Hun had not completely sunk to their later degradation; so that our vessel was made a legitimate prize, whilst we of her crew were treated with all the fairness and consideration due us as naval prisoners. So liberal, indeed, was the discipline of our captors, that five days after we were taken I managed to escape alone in a small boat with water and provisions for a good length of time.

When I finally found myself adrift and free, I had but little idea of my surroundings. Never a competent navigator, I could only guess vaguely by the sun and stars that I was somewhat south of the equator. Of the longitude I knew nothing, and no island or coast-line was in sight. The weather kept fair, and for uncounted days I drifted aimlessly beneath the scorching sun; waiting either for some passing ship, or to be cast on the shores of some habitable land. But neither ship nor land appeared, and I began to despair in my solitude upon the heaving vastnesses of unbroken blue.

The change happened whilst I slept. Its details I shall never know; for my slumber, though troubled and dream-infested, was continuous. When at last I awaked, it was to discover myself half sucked into a slimy expanse of hellish black mire which extended about me in monotonous undulations as far as I could see, and in which my boat lay grounded some distance away.

Though one might well imagine that my first sensation would be of wonder at so prodigious and unexpected a transformation of scenery, I was in reality more horrified than astonished; for there was in the air and in the rotting soil a sinister quality which chilled me to the very core. The region was putrid with the carcasses of decaying fish, and of other less describable things which I saw protruding from the nasty mud of the unending plain. Perhaps I should not hope to convey in mere words the unutterable hideousness that can dwell in absolute silence and barren immensity. There was nothing within hearing, and nothing in sight save a vast reach of black slime; yet the very completeness of the stillness and the homogeneity of the landscape oppressed me with a nauseating fear.

The sun was blazing down from a sky which seemed to me almost black in its cloudless cruelty; as though reflecting the inky marsh beneath my feet. As I crawled into the stranded boat I realised that only one theory could explain my position. Through some unprecedented volcanic upheaval, a portion of the ocean floor must have been thrown to the surface, exposing regions which for innumerable millions of years had lain hidden under unfathomable watery depths. So great was the extent of the new land which had risen beneath me, that I could not detect the faintest noise of the surging ocean, strain my ears as I might. Nor were there any seafowl to prey upon the dead things.

For several hours I sat thinking or brooding in the boat, which lay upon its side and afforded a slight shade as the sun moved across the heavens. As the day progressed, the ground lost some of its stickiness, and seemed likely to dry sufficiently for travelling purposes in a short time. That night I slept but little, and the next day I made for myself a pack containing food and water, preparatory to an overland journey in search of the vanished sea and possible rescue.

On the third morning I found the soil dry enough to walk upon with ease. The odour of the fish was maddening; but I was too much concerned with graver things to mind so slight an evil, and set out boldly for an unknown goal. All day I forged steadily westward, guided by a far-away hummock which rose higher than any other elevation on the rolling desert. That night I encamped, and

on the following day still travelled toward the hummock, though that object seemed scarcely nearer than when I had first espied it. By the fourth evening I attained the base of the mound, which turned out to be much higher than it had appeared from a distance; an intervening valley setting it out in sharper relief from the general surface. Too weary to ascend, I slept in the shadow of the hill.

I know not why my dreams were so wild that night; but ere the waning and fantastically gibbous moon had risen far above the eastern plain, I was awake in a cold perspiration, determined to sleep no more. Such visions as I had experienced were too much for me to endure again. And in the glow of the moon I saw how unwise I had been to travel by day. Without the glare of the parching sun, my journey would have cost me less energy; indeed, I now felt quite able to perform the ascent which had deterred me at sunset. Picking up my pack, I started for the crest of the eminence.

I have said that the unbroken monotony of the rolling plain was a source of vague horror to me; but I think my horror was greater when I gained the summit of the mound and looked down the other side into an immeasurable pit or canyon, whose black recesses the moon had not yet soared high enough to illumine. I felt myself on the edge of the world; peering over the rim into a fathomless chaos of eternal night. Through my terror ran curious reminiscences of *Paradise Lost*, and of Satan's hideous climb through the unfashioned realms of darkness.

As the moon climbed higher in the sky, I began to see that the slopes of the valley were not quite so perpendicular as I had imagined. Ledges and outcroppings of rock afforded fairly easy foot-holds for a descent, whilst after a drop of a few hundred feet, the declivity became very gradual. Urged on by an impulse which I cannot definitely analyse, I scrambled with difficulty down the rocks and stood on the gentler slope beneath, gazing into the Stygian deeps where no light had yet penetrated.

All at once my attention was captured by a vast and singular object on the opposite slope, which rose steeply about an hundred yards ahead of me; an object that gleamed whitely in the newly bestowed rays of the ascending moon. That it was merely a gigantic piece of stone, I soon assured myself; but I was conscious of a distinct impression that its contour and position were not altogether the work of Nature. A closer scrutiny filled me with sensations I cannot express; for despite its enormous magnitude, and its position in an abyss which had yawned at the bottom of the sea since the world was young, I perceived beyond a doubt that the strange object was a well-shaped monolith whose massive bulk had known

the workmanship and perhaps the worship of living and thinking creatures.

Dazed and frightened, yet not without a certain thrill of the scientist's or archaeologist's delight, I examined my surroundings more closely. The moon, now near the zenith, shone weirdly and vividly above the towering steeps that hemmed in the chasm, and revealed the fact that a far-flung body of water flowed at the bottom, winding out of sight in both directions, and almost lapping my feet as I stood on the slope. Across the chasm, the wavelets washed the base of the Cyclopean monolith; on whose surface I could now trace both inscriptions and crude sculptures. The writing was in a system of hieroglyphics unknown to me, and unlike anything I had ever seen in books; consisting for the most part of conventionalised aquatic symbols such as fishes, eels, octopi, crustaceans, molluscs, whales, and the like. Several characters obviously represented marine things which are unknown to the modern world, but whose decomposing forms I had observed on the ocean-risen plain.

It was the pictorial carving, however, that did most to hold me spellbound. Plainly visible across the intervening water on account of their enormous size, were an array of bas-reliefs whose subjects would have excited the envy of a Doré. I think that these things were supposed to depict men—at least, a certain sort of men; though the creatures were shewn disporting like fishes in the waters of some marine grotto, or paying homage at some monolithic shrine which appeared to be under the waves as well. Of their faces and forms I dare not speak in detail; for the mere remembrance makes me grow faint. Grotesque beyond the imagination of a Poe or a Bulwer, they were damnably human in general outline despite webbed hands and feet, shockingly wide and flabby lips, glassy, bulging eyes, and other features less pleasant to recall. Curiously enough, they seemed to have been chiselled badly out of proportion with their scenic background; for one of the creatures was shewn in the act of killing a whale represented as but little larger than himself. I remarked, as I say, their grotesqueness and strange size; but in a moment decided that they were merely the imaginary gods of some primitive fishing or seafaring tribe; some tribe whose last descendant had perished eras before the first ancestor of the Piltdown or Neanderthal Man was born. Awestruck at this unexpected glimpse into a past beyond the conception of the most daring anthropologist, I stood musing whilst the moon cast queer reflections on the silent channel before me.

Then suddenly I saw it. With only a slight churning to mark its rise to the surface, the thing slid into view above the dark waters. Vast Polyphemus-like, and loathsome, it darted like a stupendous monster of nightmares to the monolith, about which it flung its gigantic scaly arms, the while it bowed its hideous head and gave vent to certain measured sounds. I think I went mad then.

Of my frantic ascent of the slope and cliff, and of my delirious journey back to the stranded boat, I remember little. I believe I sang a great deal, and laughed oddly when I was unable to sing. I have indistinct recollections of a great storm some time after I reached the boat; at any rate, I know that I heard peals of thunder and other tones which Nature utters only in her wildest moods.

When I came out of the shadows I was in a San Francisco hospital; brought thither by the captain of the American ship which had picked up my boat in mid-ocean. In my delirium I had said much, but found that my words had been given scant attention. Of any land upheaval in the Pacific, my rescuers knew nothing; nor did I deem it necessary to insist upon a thing which I knew they could not believe. Once I sought out a celebrated ethnologist, and amused him with peculiar questions regarding the ancient Philistine legend of Dagon, the Fish-God; but soon perceiving that he was hopelessly conventional, I did not press my inquiries.

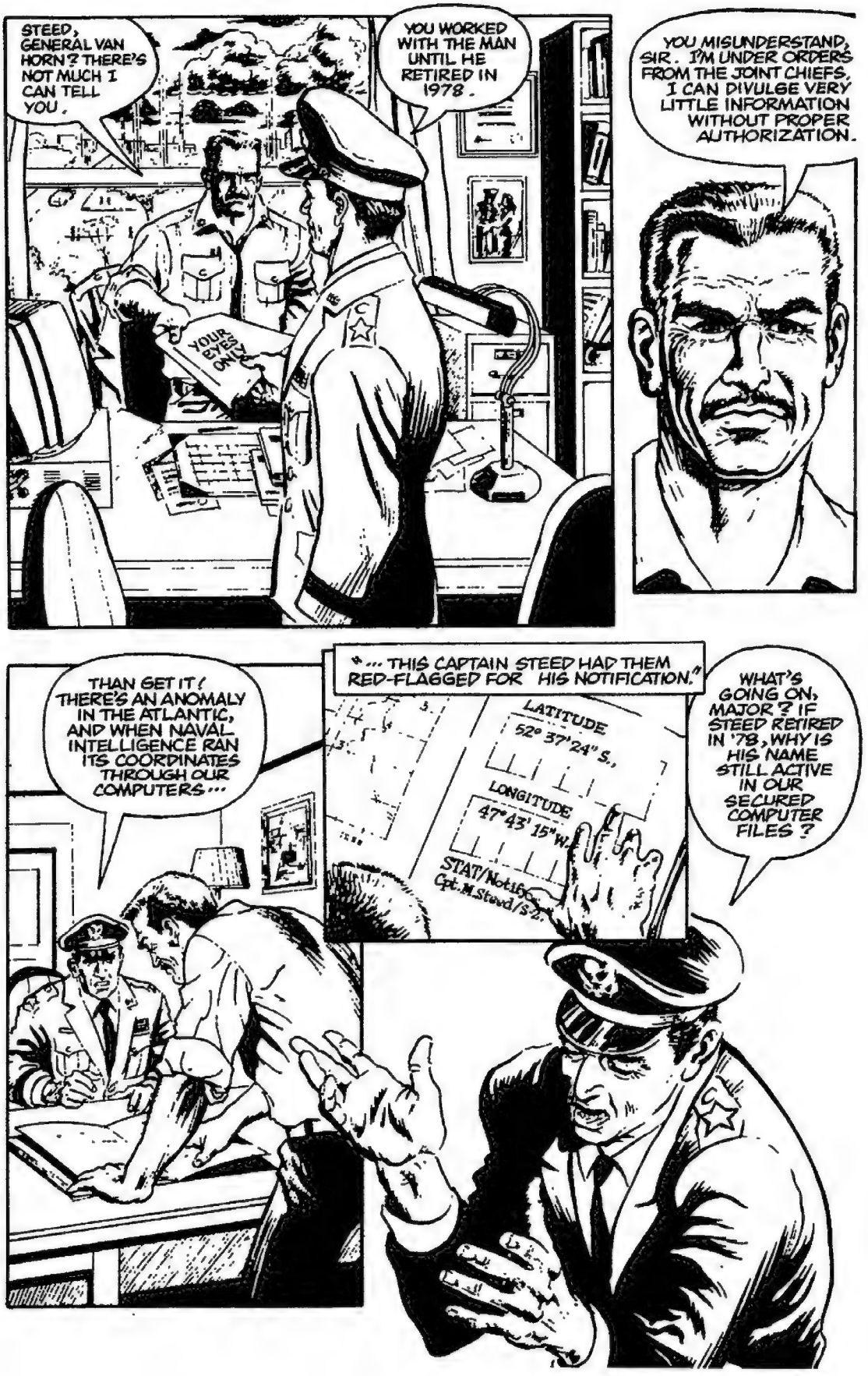
It is at night, especially when the moon is gibbous and waning, that I see the thing. I tried morphine; but the drug has given only transient surcease, and has drawn me into its clutches as a hopeless slave. So now I am to end it all, having written a full account for the information or the contemptuous amusement of my fellow-men. Often I ask myself if it could not all have been a pure phantasm—a mere freak of fever as I lay sun-stricken and raving in the open boat after my escape from the German man-of-war. This I ask myself, but ever does there come before me a hideously vivid vision in reply. I cannot think of the deep sea without shuddering at the nameless things that may at this very moment be crawling and floundering on its slimy bed, worshipping their ancient stone idols and carving their own detestable likenesses on submarine obelisks of water-soaked granite. I dream of a day when they may rise above the billows to drag down in their reeking talons the remnants of puny, war-exhausted mankind—of a day when the land shall sink, and the dark ocean floor shall ascend amidst universal pandemonium.

The end is near. I hear a noise at the door, as of some immense slippery body lumbering against it. It shall not find me. God, *that hand!* The window! The window!

"OK, EMMA. TRY TELLING ME AGAIN..."
"FROM THE PLANE CRASH?"
"YEAH. BEGIN AT THE WRECK. JUST THE HIGHLIGHTS."
"I'M SORRY. I CAN'T REMEMBER MUCH RIGHT OFF."
"WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU RECOLLECT AFTER WAKING UP?"
"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT DAY IT WAS. HOW LONG I'D BEEN OUT."
"BOBBY'S PLANE WAS GONE. I WAS ALL ALONE. LIKE DAVY IN THE BOXCAR."
"I STARTED EXPLORING. I WAS SICK OF THE WATER. IT MADE MY SKIN ITCH."
"THE SMELL OF FISH WAS EVERYWHERE! IT DROVE ME NUTS."
"WHEN I FOUND THIS FISSURE..."
"I SCREWED UP THE NERVE TO GO INSIDE AND... AND THAT'S WHERE I FOUND..."

NO! NO, I'M SORRY.
I'M NOT UP TO THIS, DR. STONEBRIDGE.
RELAX. THERE'S NO RUSH. WE CAN TRY AGAIN LATER.
YOU SHOULD SLEEP. LIKE SOME NERVINE?
UH-UH. NOTHING. I DON'T WANT TO DREAM NOW.
UP TO YOU. BUZZ ME IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND.
I'VE GOT TO REPORT TO CAPTAIN ALTBERG.
THANKS, DR. STONEBRIDGE.
HEY, CLAY. I WAS COMING TO SEE YOU.
LOVELESS REMEMBER ANYTHING YET?
NO. SHE'S BORDERLINING ON SHOCK.
SWELL. I JUST GOT WORD FROM NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.
AN NSS* PYRAMIDER SPY SATELLITE SURVEYED THIS AREA LAST WEEK.
* NATIONAL SECURITY SERVICE.

"EMMA LOVELESS' ISLAND WASN'T HERE. SEEMS IT'S JUST POPPED UP OUT OF NOWHERE".
DAGON
BASED ON A STORY BY
H.P. LOVECRAFT
ADAPTED BY
STEVEN PHILIP JONES
PENCILS, INKS AND LETTERS BY
SERGIO CARIELLO
APRIL 30, 1993.
16:23.
MAJOR ELSTON, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT AN ARMY CAPTAIN NAMED MARCUS STEED?


STEED, GENERAL VAN HORN? THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN TELL YOU.
YOU WORKED WITH THE MAN UNTIL HE RETIRED IN 1978.
YOUR EYES ONLY
YOU MISUNDERSTAND, SIR. I'M UNDER ORDERS FROM THE JOINT CHIEFS. I CAN DIVULGE VERY LITTLE INFORMATION WITHOUT PROPER AUTHORIZATION.
THAN GET IT! THERE'S AN ANOMALY IN THE ATLANTIC, AND WHEN NAVAL INTELLIGENCE RAN ITS COORDINATES THROUGH OUR COMPUTERS...
"... THIS CAPTAIN STEED HAD THEM RED-FLAGGED FOR HIS NOTIFICATION."
LATITUDE
52° 37' 24" S.,
LONGITUDE
47° 43' 15" W.
STAT/Notify
Cpt. M. Steed/S.2.
WHAT'S GOING ON, MAJOR? IF STEED RETIRED IN '78, WHY IS HIS NAME STILL ACTIVE IN OUR SECURED COMPUTER FILES?

HIS PERSONNEL STATUS WAS UNIQUE, SIR. TRUTH TO TELL, STEED ISN'T EVEN HIS REAL SURNAME.
NOT TO WORRY, THOUGH. I CAN FIND HIM.
DO WE WANT TO FIND HIM?
IF HE REQUESTED WE NOTIFY HIM IF THESE COORDINATES WERE KEYED INTO OUR COMPUTERS, THEN YES, SIR, WE DO.
STEED WAS A SCIENTIFIC ADVISER IN S-2, AND SERVED MERITORIOUSLY DURING OPERATION: ARES IN THE 1950s.
IT WAS HIS ASSIGNMENT TO APPRAISE ANOMALIES --TO USE YOUR WORD---
FOR THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT.
THEN HE HAD FOREKNOWLEDGE OF THIS ISLAND?
MY ADVISE, GENERAL, IS THAT I TAKE THIS FILE TO HIM POST HASTE.
SUSPICIONS, MORE THAN LIKELY. STEED IS AN EXCELLENT SPECULATOR.
THE SOONER THE BETTER.
DROP BY ANYTHYME!

FANG ROCK, MASSACHUSETTS. 20:07.
WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE!
US 177
'BRICK' ELSTON! DON'T TELL ME THEY MADE YOU A MAJOR?
TEN YEARS AGO, BUT WHO'S COUNTING, CAP'N?
TEN YEARS? WHERE DOES IT GO?
LISTEN, WE HAVE TO TALK.
SURE, BRICK. COME INSIDE MY HOOCH AND SIT A SPELL.
I ALWAYS FIGURED YOU KNEW SOMEHOW.
"I'LL BREW SOME JOE."
SO, MARK, RECALL YET WHY YOU EARMARKED THOSE COORDINATES?
AFRAID SO.
CARPATHIA

EVER READ ANY POE?
YOUR EYES ONLY
THE GUY WHO WROTE "THE RAVEN" AND MARRIED HIS 14-YEAR-OLD COUSIN?
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE-BLUE JERRY LEE LEWIS FAN.
OKAY, POE WAS NEVER THE MOST BALANCED GUY --
-- BUT HE WAS A SOUND RESEARCHER. THIS CHART ONCE BELONGED TO HIM. I BOUGHT IT AT AUCTION IN BALTIMORE.
HE USED IT WHILE WRITING A. GORDON PYM, WHERE HE MENTIONS THE AURORAS.
"THREE ISLES DISCOVERED IN 1762 BY THE ATREVIDA."
"-- CAPTAINED BY MANUEL DE OYARUDO, WHOSE ACCOUNT WAS PUBLISHED BY THE ROYAL HYDROGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF MADRID IN 1809."
COME 1820, AND CAPTAIN JAMES WEDDEL OF STATEN ISLAND DECIDED TO SAIL FOR THE AURORAS.
WHEN HE GOT THERE, THE ONLY THING WAITING FOR HIM WAS WATER.

DOZENS OF EXPEDITIONS HAVE COME UP EMPTY, BUT A HANDFUL CLAIM TO HAVE SIGHTED THE AURORAS AT MEAN LATITUDE 53° SOUTH.
YOU THINK AUGUSTUS IS PARKED IN FRONT OF THESE ISLANDS?
THE MOST NORTHERN. THAT'S WHY I'M WORRIED.
WHY? WHAT'S ON THE ISLAND?
I'M NOT SURE. BETWEEN ITS REEFS AND EDDIES, YOU'D BE BETTER OFF HARBORING OFF EDDYSTONE ROCKS. BUT--
--A SAILOR FROM THE SAN MIGUEL EXPEDITION IN 1769 REPORTEDLY SWAM SHIP-TO-SHORE ---
--- AND FOUND THIS ICON NEAR A GROTTO CALYX.
UH-HUH-- NICE--YEAH.
WHAT THE HELL IS IT, MARK?

AS FAR AS I CAN VERIFY IT'S DAGON, CHIEF GOD OF THE 'SEA PEOPLE', THE PHILISTINES. THE BIBLE RECORDS DAGON HAD TEMPLES AT GAZA AND ASHDOD.
SWELL. WHAT'S THAT STATUE SUPPOSEDLY DOING IN THE WRONG HEMISPHERE?
DAGON GETS AROUND. DID YOU KNOW WE'RE MAYBE AN HOUR AWAY FROM A MOUNT DAGON?
DAGON IS WORSHIPPED STILL, EVEN IN MASSACHUSETTS. BELIEVERS SAY DAGON RULES IN HIS TEMPLE UNDER THE SEA--
"--AND WHEN THE STARS ARE RIGHT DAGON SHALL HELP OBLITERATE MANKIND FROM THE MEMORY OF THE COSMOS."
THE AURORAS
YOU EARMARKED THOSE COORDINATES BECAUSE OF A MYTH?
WHEN IT COMES TO ARMAGEDON, A MYTH MAY BE AS GOOD AS A MILE.

"BRICK, I'M SERIOUS. GET ME TO THE AUGUSTUS. FAST."
WHO GOES THERE?
WHO GOES THERE YOURSELF? WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?
IN GOD WE TRUST.
BERNIE?
THAT'S ME.
ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE.
HEY, IT'S JUST NOW MIDNIGHT, GET TO BED, FRANCIS.
SORRY. THANKS. I'M COLD, AND THIS PLACE SPOOKS ME.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING?
NOPE. NOT EVEN A MOUSE.
COOL. GOOD NIGHT.

CRITCH
WHO'S THERE?
GRRMURR
YIIEE
EEEE!
GGGARRRRGH...
BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPB!
GET YOUR ASS BELOW! NOW!
WHA--?

GOOD TO SEE YOU, MR. FRANCIS.
WHAT'S GOING ON?!
TOWER HATCH IS SECURED, SIR.
YOU WERE ATTACKED. DID YOU SEE BY WHO?
UHH-- SIR, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BELIEVE WHAT I SAW.
"REALLY, MR. FRANCIS? RIGHT NOW I MIGHT JUST SURPRISE YOU."
I'VE LOCATED THEM, SIR. WE HAVE SIX UN-FRIENDLIES STANDING ON OUR BOW.
STEP ASIDE, LIEUTEN-ANT.
YES, SIR.

WHAT IN THE NAME OF ROGER STAUBACH ...?!
"THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON IS INVADING MY SHIP!"
"AND HE'S BROUGHT HIS WHOLE FREAKIN' FAMILY!"

CAP'N! OUR UNFRIENDLIES ARE BUGGIN' OUT LIKE THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO TOMORROW!
?
!
"SUM'BITCH! WHERE'T THEY GO?"
TIBBS?
THEY'RE ALL BOOKIN' AWAY FROM US AND THE ISLAND, SIR.
CAPTAIN ALTBERG, SONAR'S PICKING UP SOMETHING FROM THE ISLAND.
WHAT'S HAPPENING, DALEY?
I THINK I KNOW, SIR. SEISMOGRAPHIC REFLECTIONS ARE SHOWING A ...
... SUBSURFACE DISTURBANCE, POSSIBLY TECTONIC.

"THAT DAMN ISLAND'S GOING DOWN, SIR!"
LT. CARLIN! DISARM ALL MISSILES! BLOW OUT ALL TUBES!
THEN DIVE! DIVE LIKE A DEAD ALBATROSS!
ALL STATIONS! ALL STATIONS! INSTIGATE EMERGENCY JETTISON PROCEDURES! NOW!
CAPTAIN, THERE'S A CONCENTRIC SHOCK WAVE CLIPPING TOWARDS US AT 500 KPH!
CAP'N! TSUNAMI AT TWELVE O'CLOCK!

"IN THE NAME OF GREAT OCEANUS;"
"BY THE EARTH-SHAKING NEPTUNE'S MACE."
IÄ-SN'MNLA! DAGON UFTAGN! IÄ! IÄ!
DAGON, LORD OF THE DEEP ONES, COMMANDS THE TIDES ONCE MORE.
DAGON RISES ONCE MORE.

8:32
THERE'S AUGUSTUS, CAPTAIN. STEED. I TOLD YOU SHE'D BE ALL RIGHT.
"WE'LL LAND ON THE VIGILANT."
GOOD TO BE HERE, SIR. GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN.
NOT HALF AS MUCH AS I AM.
CAPTAIN STEED. WELCOME ABOARD. I'M THEODORE KLEIN, SHIP'S ADMIRAL.
777
YOU'LL WANT TO SEE MISS LOVELESS STRAIGHT AWAY.
"WE'VE MOVED HER TO MY QUARTERS FOR THE DURATION."
YOU'RE LOOKING WELL TODAY, MISS LOVELESS.
I'M STILL NOT UP TO TALKING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED YET.

NATURALLY. YOU WON'T BE FOR SEVERAL DAYS, MISS.
UNFORTUNATELY WE CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO OVERCOME YOUR TRAUMA. THIS SITUATION DICTATES DESPERATE MEASURES.
WHAT'D'YA THINK YOU'RE DOING?
THIS IS THE SOLUTION. THIOPENTAL SODIUM, A GENERAL HYPNOTIC. REALLY HARMLESS.
THAT'S UNETHICAL! YOU HAVEN'T EVEN ASKED HER PERMISSION!
HE HAS MINE. ABOARD THE VIGILANT, DOCTOR, THAT'S ALL HE NEEDS.
YOU'LL FEEL A LITTLE SLEEPY, MISS, AND THEN YOU'LL FEEL FREE TO TELL US EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED ON THE ISLAND.

"EMMA?"
HMMM ?
"HOW DID YOU GET ON THE PLANE, EMMA?"
IT WAS BOBBY'S, WE MET ON A CRUISE SHIP.
"MY FIRST VACATION EVER."
"ROMANCE SURE WASN'T ON MY AGENDA."
"AND ONE NIGHT STANDS ... WELL, I AIN'T EASY."
"BUT WHAT CAN I SAY?"
"BOBBY WAS A BABE, A STONE FOX."

I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF HER. NOBODY EVER GOT ME HUNGRY LIKE THAT BEFORE.
AND SHE WAS NEARLY AS MUCH FUN OUT OF BED.
DID I TELL YOU SHE WAS LOADED? OHHHH YES.
THAT'S HOW COME SHE OWNED A JET. OR HER DAD DID.
I MET HIM ONCE. IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO, WHERE WE DOCKED. HE LIKED ME. THAT WAS DIFFERENT.
HE SUGGESTED WE FLY TO SAO PAULO FOR FESTIVAL. IT SOUNDED LIKE FUN.
THEN THERE WAS THIS ... CRY. A WAIL, LIKE A CYCLONE, AND THE PLANE WENT OUT OF CONTROL!
"NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS ON THAT ISLAND."

"ALL RIGHT, EMMA, GO AHEAD AND GO TO THE CAVERN YOU DISCOVERED."
"WE'RE WITH YOU. FIND THE FISSURE AND STEP ON THROUGH."
"OKAY. I'M GOING."
"I'M INSIDE."
"TELL US WHAT YOU SEE."
"THE APSE OF A DEEP ONES' TEMPLE. ANOTHER FISSURE LEADS OUTSIDE!"
"I WALKED THROUGH IT, TO THE ATRIUM."

"AND THERE IT IS. THE END OF THE WORLD. OR ITS ORIGIN. IT'S SO HARD TO TELL WHERE ONE STOPS AND THE OTHER BEGINS. WHEN YOU SEE IT FOR YOURSELF WITH YOUR VERY OWN EYES."

"IT'S SO... OH, GOD...!"

"GOD, NO! DON'T HURT ME!"

"STOP! PLEASE!"

"DON'T, LORD, DON'T!"

"HEAVENLY FATHER PROTECT ME."

SERGIO ARIOLA -93-

"DAGON RISES! HE RISES!"

"SOMETIMES I STAND UPON THE SHORE WHERE TROUBLES VAULT THEIR EFFLUENCE POUR,"
"AND TROUBLED WATERS SIGH AND SHRIEK OF SECRETS THAT THEY DARE NOT TO SPEAK."
"FROM NAMELESS VALLEYS FAR BELLOW, AND HILLS AND PLAINS NO MAN MAY KNOW,"
THE MYSTIC SWELLS AND SULLEN SURGES HINT LIKE ACCURSED THAUMATURGES A THOUSAND HORRORS, BIG WITH AWE, THAT LONG-FORGOTTEN AGES SAW."
"O SALT, SALT WINDS THAT BLEAKLY SWEEP ACROSS THE BARREN HEAVING DEEP; O WILD WAN WAVES, THAT CALL TO MIND THE CHAOS EARTH HATH LEFT BEHIND:"
"OF YOU I ASK ONE THING ALONE:"
"LEAVE, LEAVE YOUR ANCIENT LORE UNKNOWN!"

EXCUSE ME, CAP'N STEED. CAP'N ALTBERG'S READY NOW.
S'THAT SO? I'M GLAD SOMEBODY IS, LT. CARLIN.
DAGON
(part 2)
BASED ON A STORY BY
H.P. LOVECRAFT
ADAPTED BY
STEVEN PHILIP JONES
BREAKDOWNS + BACKGROUNDS BY
KEITH CHAMPAGNE Pg 1-5
TOM ROBERTS Pg 6-7
WARREN MARTINECK Pg 8-15
RICHARD J. MILLER Pg 16-24
FINISHED AND LETTERED
BY SERGIO CARIELLO
HELLO AGAIN, CAP'N. COFFEE?
MUCH OBLIGED, CAPTAIN ALTBERG. YOU'VE REPORTED TO MILITARY INTELLIGENCE?
YEP. TOLD 'EM EVERYTHING EMMA LOVELESS TOLD US.
THEY BELIEVE IT?
'COURSE NOT! EVEN I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU'D BETTER, GOD HELP US IF YOU WON'T.

WE ALSO FAXED M.I. PHOTOS WE SNAPPED FROM OUR PERISCOPE OF THE GILL-MEN WHO BOARDED AUGUSTUS LAST NIGHT.
THOSE MUST HAVE LENT CREDENCE TO LOVELESS TESTIMONY.
ALL THEY PROVED WAS MERMEN AIN'T PRETTY.
NOT GILL-MEN OR MERMEN OR TRITONS. THEY WERE DEEP ONES.
THAT'S ... MISS LOVELESS ... SHE CALLED DAGON "LORD OF THE DEEP ONES!"
THEIR LORD, BUT SERVANT TO THE PRIEST CTHULHU.
AND THIS IS DAGON. NOTE THAT THIS IDOL CONFORMS WITH LOVELESS DESCRIPTION ...
... AND NOT WITH TYPICAL REPRESENTATIONS OF THE PHILISTINE GOD.
IT WAS FOUND ON YOUR SUNKEN ISLAND IN 1769 BY A SAILOR FROM THE SAN MIGUEL.
THAT ISLAND'S BREACHED THE ATLANTIC BEFORE?

QUITE OFTEN. IT'S THE NORTHERN ISLE OF THE ···
··· THREE AURORA ISLANDS DISCOVERED AT MEAN ···
··· LATITUDE 53°S. IN 1762.
UH-UH. THE AURORAS ARE A MYTH, JUST LIKE DAGON.
ISLANDS DON'T RISE FROM THE WATERS ONE DAY JUST TO SINK THE NEXT.
REALLY? HOW'D'YA YOU BREAK THAT ARM AGAIN, CAPTAIN?
AND DR. STONEBRIDGE? WHAT WAS IT EMMA LOVELESS SAID···
··· WHEN THE TSUNAMI ROLLED AUGUSTUS?
SOMETHING ABOUT DAGON RISING TO CLAIM THE TIDES AGAIN.
ANYTHING MORE?
SOME JABBERWOCKY.
"IA-SN'MNLA. DAGON UFTAGN. IA. IA."
THAT'S ···!
I THINK THAT'S IT.
WHAT IS IT?!
WORDS ETCHED IN THE IDOL. I THINK THEY MEAN: "APART. FROM SN'MNLA, DAGON RULES. APART. APART."

"I CAN'T BE SURE THOUGH. IT'S AN ARCHAIC TONGUE, THE LANGUAGE OF THE CTHULOID."
"CTHULOID?" "CTHULHU?" WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
ABOUT PIECES OF A PRIMORDIAL PUZZLE, LIEUTENANT. ONE THAT'S PERPLEXED BETTER SCHOLARS THAN ME FOR MILLENNIA
WE'VE LISTENED FOR WHISPERS FROM THE DARKNESS BEYOND THE PRIMUM MOBILE ---
---SCRUTINIZED CUNEIFORM ON THE CLAY TABLETS OF EBLA ---
"---EVEN INTERVIEWED CULTISTS FROM NEW ORLEANS. THIS IDOL IS ONE MORE POTSHERD OF INFORMATION--"
"--- THAT, WHEN PIECED TOGETHER, FORGE, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A GLIMPSE INTO EARTH'S PREHISTORY."

THE BEST AND MOST INFORMATION UNCOVERED YET WAS BY THE MISKATONIC ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1930 TO 1931 ---

IT HAD BEEN CONSTRUCTED IN AZOIC TIMES BY EXTRATERRESTRIALS, 'THE OLD ONES;' MAYBE A BILLION AND HALF YEARS AGO. ENEMIES, 'THE SPAWN OF CTHULHU;' ARRIVED DURING THE ALGONKIAN ERA.

"..WHERE A MEGALOPOLIS WAS DISCOVERED AT LAT. 76° 15', LONG. 113° 10' EAST, ON A SUPERPLATEAU 24,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL."

THEIR WARS ENDED IN STALEMATE, WITH THE OLD ONES LIVING ON EARTH'S FIRST LANDS AND IN THE SEA, WHILE THE CTHULHU SPAWN BUILT THEIR CITIES ON THE EARTH'S NEW LAND FORMATIONS." A MONSTROUS BEING, CTHULHU, BROUGHT THIS SPAWN TO EARTH BY SOMEHOW 'SIFTING DOWN FROM INFINITY.' THE SPAWN SERVE DAGON BUT WORSHIP CTHULHU.

"TECTONIC UPHEAVALS CAME CLOSE TO DESTROYING CTHULHU AND SPAWN WHEN HIS CITY, R'LYEH, SANK THE PACIFIC, AND SN'MNLA, HIS BASILICA, IN THE ATLANTIC."

TOO BAD, ABOUT THE OLD ONES. AS SUPERIOR BEINGS GO, THEY WERE ALL RIGHT.
VASTLY ADAPTABLE... TENACIOUSLY INTELLIGENT... BASICALLY COMPASSIONATE.
TECHNOLOGY WAS THEIR UNDOING... THIS IS WONDERFUL ...
THEIR CHIEF MACHINES WERE HYPNOTICALLY-CONTROLLED PROTOPLASMIC MASSES CALLED 'SHOGGOTHS'!
EVENTUALLY THE SHOGGOTHS DEVELOPED MINDS OF THEIR OWN AND ALL BUT WIPED OUT THEIR CREATORS.
TYPICAL.
GIVES YOU PAUSE THOUGH --HMM?
YOU'RE OUTTA YOUR MIND. BEEN TOLD THAT LATELY?
EVERYTHING I SAY IS DOCUMENTED... JUST CLASSIFIED.
WHICH MAKES ME PONDER HOW LOVELESS KNEW WHAT TO CALL DAGON AND THE DEEP ONES.

BUT YOU DIDN'T EXPLAIN WHO THE DEEP ONES ARE.
I DID BUT DIDN'T. THEY'RE THE CTHULHU SPAWN.
AFTER R'LYEH SANK, THEY GRADUALLY ADAPTED INTO AMPHIBIOUS ANTHROPOIDS.
THEY ASSUMED THE NAME 'DEEP ONES' AFTER THAT, ALTHOUGH I PREFER TO CALL THEM AND THEIR LANGUAGE 'CTHULOID'.
NEVER MIND THAT! ASSUMING THIS IS DOCUMENTED..., SO WHAT? WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT THIS DAGON THAT WE CAN'T COPE WITH IT?
WELL, YOU GOT A SAMPLE OF DAGON'S POWER LAST NIGHT. AND DAGON AIN'T BEANS COMPARED TO CTHULHU.
WHEN R'LYEH SANK, CTHULHU FELL INTO A "DREAM-STATE," SOME TYPE OF HIBERNATION.
IF DAGON OR SOMETHING ELSE SHOULD EVER MANAGE TO WAKE CTHULHU...
CAP'N ALTBERG!
DALEY! FORGET HOW TO KNOCK?
IT'S AN EMERGENCY, SIR!

"A DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM THE VIGILANT! THEY'RE UNDER ATTACK!"

YIIIEEE! YAARRGH! NUUUHHN.

ZZZEEEE

BBRRRP BHAM KA-BLAM

KEEP FIRING! KEEP--

--FURFPH!

KLEIN

SICK BAY
KEEP BACK! KEEP BACK OR I'LL SHREP YOU!
YOU TOADS UNDERSTAND ME?
OH!-- AHHHHH ...
IA, DAGON UFTAGN.
I MEAN IT! KEEP THE HELL BACK, OR I'LL ..
!
FH'NGLII MGLW'NAFH CTHULHU!

16:12.
SOMEHOW THIS ONE'S THE WORST OF THE BUNCH.
ODDS ARE THE DEEP ONES MADE LOVELESS DO IT!
DAMN IT! MUST BE CONTROLLING HER LIKE A SHOGGOTH.
I'LL BOW TO YOUR EXPERTISE ON THAT MATTER.
LET'S GET ALTBERG, WE'D BETTER HIGHTAIL IT BACK TO SN'MNLA P-D-Q.
"I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME."
17:59.

"CULTS STILL WORSHIP DAGON, AND IT IS LIKELY CULTS OF CTHULHU HAVE NEVER DIED OUT EITHER."
RAP RAP
"BOTH CULTS HIDE IN DARK PLACES, WAITING"
COME ON IN.
..."WAITING FOR THE TIME CTHULHU SHOULD RISE AND BRING THE EARTH AGAIN UNDER HIS SWAY."
"WAITING FOR CTHULHU TO CALL, 'WHEN THE STARS ARE READY FOR DHONAS TO DELIVER CTHULHU FROM R'LYEH.'"
WHO'S "DHONAS"?
THE FIRST-BORN SON OF DAGON. FROM WHAT I CAN PIECE TOGETHER.
YOU KNOW, I THINK THERE'S MORE TO ALL THIS THAN YOU'RE LETTING ON.
NOTHING YOU WANT TO HEAR.
TRUST ME.

I WONDER IF WE'D BEEN BETTER OFF NOT ANSWERING THAT JET'S MAYDAY.
DOUBTFUL. IS EVERYTHING READY?
BATTLE READY. YEP. BUT I DON'T GET IT.
WHY ALL THIS FUSS? LET'S JUST NUKE SN'MNLA AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT.
BECAUSE WE'RE NOT JUST TRYING TO STUFF THE ISLAND! WE WANT TO OBLITERATE DAGON AND ALL THE CTHULOID!
EMMA LOVELESS DIDN'T DESERVE TO CRASH ON SN'MNLA, ANYMORE THAN THE VIGILANT'S CREW DESERVE TO DIE LIKE THEY DID.
IF THEIR DEATHS AREN'T ALL GOING TO BE IN VAIN, SN'MNLA, DAGON, AND EVERY DAMN DEEP ONE HAVE GOT TO BE ANNIHILATED.
93

18:22.

"THERE'S THE ISLAND, CAP'N..."

"LOOKING AS NATURAL AS CAN BE.

WE'RE IN POSITION, CAPTAIN ALTBERG.

ANY ORDERS?

FULL STOP. SEE ANY GILL-MEN, MR. TIBBS?

SPOTLESS LIEUTENANT.

NO ACTIVITY, CAP'N.

"THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE."

?

YOU MEAN, "NOTHING UNUSUAL?"

NO, SIR.

"I MEAN THERE'S NOTHING MOVING OUT THERE. NOT A SCHOOL, NOT A SQUID. IT'S DEAD OUTSIDE."

IT'S HIGH NOON, CAPTAIN...

...AND THE LOCALS HAVE CLEARED OUT.

ALL HANDS, STAND-BY FOR BATTLE STATIONS.

SGT. CRANE, DEPLOY DECOYS NOW.

AYE-AYE, CAP'N!

"DECOYS AWAY!"

"CONE SEGREGATIONS COMPLETE!"

"DECOYS ARE IN POSITION ABOVE ISLAND!"

"SONAR, CAP'N. I'M RECEIVING SHIP-LIKE SIGNATURE FROM DECOYS!"

"SPOT ANY GILL-MEN NOW?"
NOPE. MAYBE THEY'RE ON TO STEED'S SCAM, OR...
HOLD IT! WE'VE HOOKED 'EM!
THEY THINK THEY'RE SURROUNDED AND THEY'RE ATTACKING.
CURTAIN CALL, CRANE. PREP OUR TRIDENT.
ALL SET FOR YOUR KEY, SIR.
HERE.
LAUNCH
READY FOR THE WORD, CAP'N.
BATTLE STATIONS, GENTLEMEN ... UP PERISCOPE!
MR. TIBBS, KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON OUR IN-COMING ...
STEED!
IT'S DAGON!

"HE'S GONNA CRUSH US... JUST LIKE THE WHALE IN YOUR IDOL!"

CAPTAIN! DAGON SUCKERED US!
ORDER FULL REVERSE!
LAUNCH THE TRIDENT AND FIRE ALL TORPEDOS! ALL OF THEM!

BURN THEM, O FIRE;
SCORCH THEM, O FIRE;
TAKE HOLD OF THEM, O FIRE; CONSUME THEM, O FIRE;
DESTROY THEM, O FIRE.
KHAMO!!!

NAILED HIM!
WE NAILED HIM!
A DIRECT HIT ON THE ISLAND! A DIRECT HIT!
SORRY, MISS LOVELESS.
I'M SO DAMN SORRY.

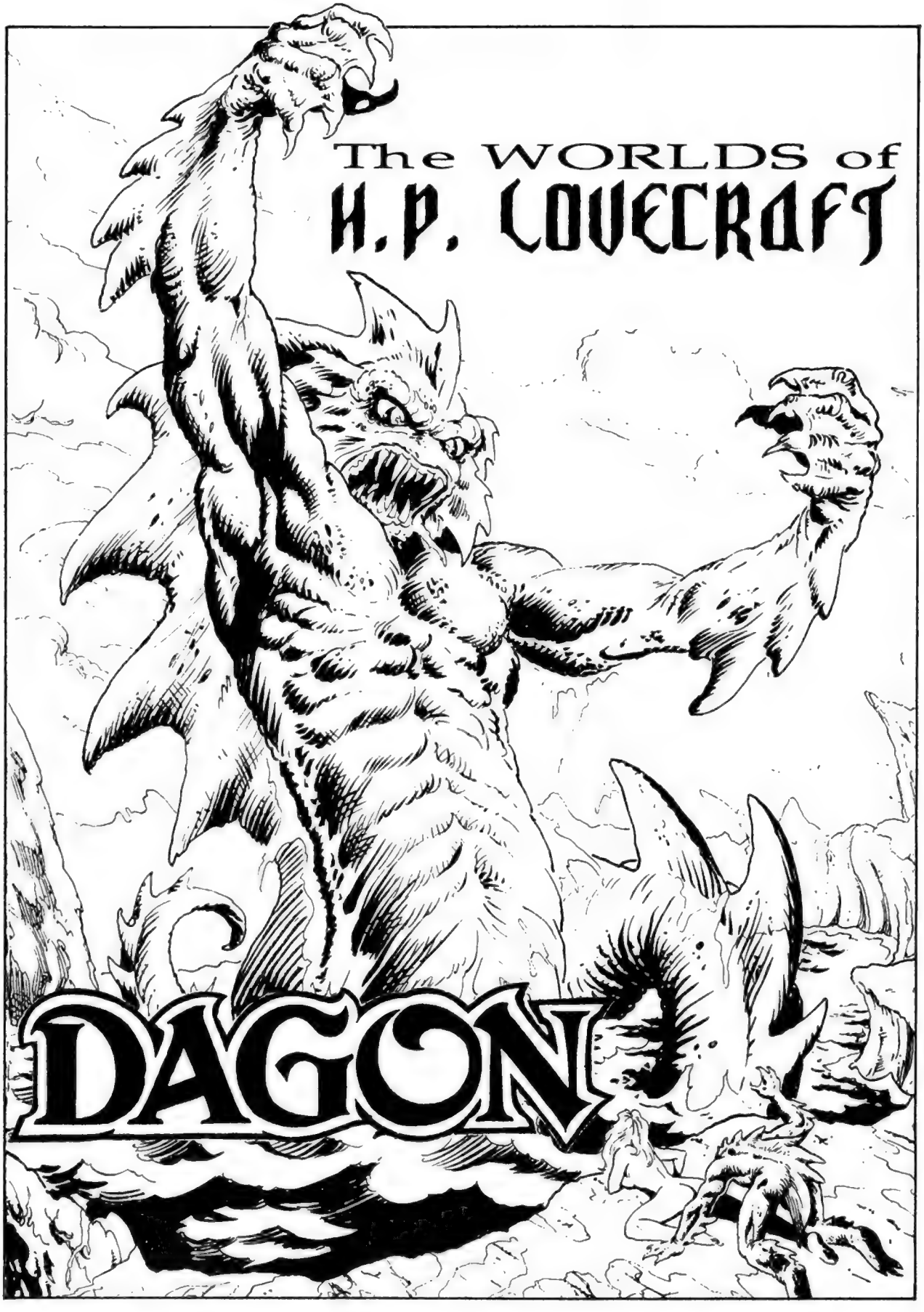
KOLONIA, POHNPEI, FEDERATED STATES OF MICRONESIA.
"FEBRUARY 2, 2013.
MY GOOD FRIEND SIMON ORNE:"
"PREPARATIONS ARE COMPLETE. I LEAVE NEXT MONTH TO JOIN YOU. YES."
"GOOD IT SHALL BE TO SAIL THE VALIPARAISO ROUTE WITH YOU, AND CALL UP THE ONE NO MAN CAN PUT DOWN."
"FINE IT SHALL BE WHEN MEN LEARN THEIR FIRE DID NOT CONSUME ME."
"I AM EAGER TO FULFILL MY PRIMORDIAL DUTY."

THANKS TO:

JESUS CHRIST
O.J. CARIELLO
CELIA CARIELLO
LUZIA FREIRE CARIELLO
JOE KUBERT
TEX BLAISDELL
MIKE CHEN
JOEL NAPRSTEK
IRWIN HASEN
ALEC STEVENS
GEORGE LEVINE
LYMAN DALLY

WHITHOUT WHICH
NONE OF THIS
WOULD BE POSSIBLE.

SERGIO CARIELLO


The WORLDS of
H.P. LOVECRAFT
DAGON

The WORLDS of H.P. LOVECRAFT

ARTHUR JERMYN

CALIBER COMICS

FACTS CONCERNING THE LATE ARTHUR JERMYN AND HIS FAMILY

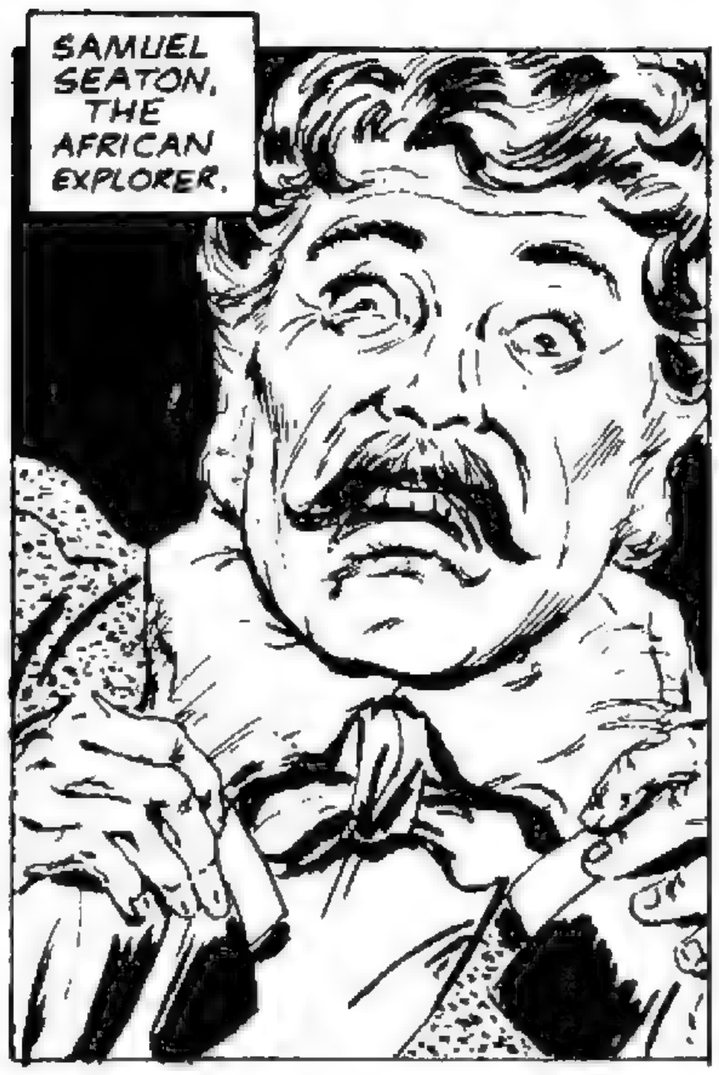
"The spawn wait for the day dead Cthulhu will rise and we will hold sway over the universe again."

FACTS CONCERNING THE LATE ARTHUR JERMYN AND HIS FAMILY

Based on a story by
H.P. Lovecraft
Adapted by · STEVEN PHILIP JONES
Artwork by · WAYNE REID
Lettering by · SUSAN DORNE

JERMYN HOUSE.
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
19 OCTOBER, 1852.

TODAY SIR ROBERT JERMYN, BT., IS ENTERTAINING A GUEST.


SAMUEL SEATON, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

GHA... GHAA...GH.. HAAH--*

I THINK THEY'VE COME TO SOME ACCORD.
WHERE'S LIL' SOAMES WI'MASTER NEVIL?

HAVE THAT BLACK-GUARD REMOVED FROM THE LIBRARY, SIGERSON.

AND FETCH MY SON.

TELL HIM I NEED HIM IN THE NURSERY.

A FEW MINUTES EARLIER...

MASTER NEVIL! COME OUT! MASTER NEVIL!

WHAT ARE YOU AFTER, BOY?

COME 'OME, SIR!

SIR ROBERT 'AS LOCKED 'IS CALLER IN THE LIBRARY.

'SIGERSON'S WORRIED ONE O' 'EM WILL COME TO 'ARM."

THANK THE LORD YOU'RE HOME, SIR.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, SIGERSON?

YOUR FATHER! HE'S STRANGLED MR. SEATON!

DON'T BE ASININE! WHY WOU..?

GUN SHOTS!?

KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM!

THE OLD WING! YOUR BROTHER'S AND SISTER'S ROOMS!

"GREAT SCOT! AND THE NURSERY!"

MOVE AWAY FROM MY GRANDSON, GIRL.

IT'S ALL FOR OUR BEST. HIS, YOUR'S, AND ENGLAND'S.

WHA'S 'APPEN TA YUR MIND? THIS IS DAFT!

YOU HAVE COURAGE ABOVE YOUR STATION, CHILD; BUT NOW MOVE AWAY FROM ALFRED, OR DIE WITH HIM.

THE SOUND IS A SNAKE SWIMMING ON A STREAM.

FOLLOWED BY THE BARK OF CERBERUS.

ARRGGH!

YOU SATURN!

WE HAVE TO DIE, NEVIL.

I MUST-- GAARR!

SACRIFICE YOUR GRANDSON?

STINKING CUR! YOU'VE MURDERED OUR HERITAGE!

HUUAAH!

YOU'VE CURSED THIS DAMN FAMILY!

NO! I HAVEN'T FINISHED!

IYYYYEEEE!

PLAGUE YOU, NEVIL, NOOOOOOO!

SMASH!

FETCH THE PHYSICIAN AND CONSTABULARY! HURRY!

"MR. SEATON WAS A FRIEND OF SIR ROBERTS?"

uhhhh

ASSOCIATES, INSPECTOR HARDCASTLE. SIR ROBERT WAS AN ETHNOLOGIST.

SO SEATON WAS HERE IN SEARCH OF ADVICE?

PERHAPS, SIR. MR. SEATON HAD NOTES HE'D COLLECTED FROM THE ONGA TRIBE OF THE CONGO HE THOUGHT WOULD INTEREST SIR ROBERT.

WHY "INTEREST"?

SIR ROBERT HIMSELF MADE TWO LENGTHY EXPEDITIONS TO THE CONGO AFTER THE BIRTH OF HIS THIRD CHILD.

IN FACT, ALL OF THIS CAME FROM THE CONGO IN THE 18th CENTURY.

I KNOW. COLLECTED BY SIR ROBERT'S GRANDFATHER, SIR WADE.

I'VE READ HIS 1765 "OBSERVATIONS ON THE SEVERAL PARTS OF AFRICA." MOST INTRIGUING.

YOU READ..?

YES. I READ. INCLUDING HIS CONJECTURE OF A PREHISTORIC WHITE CONGOLESE CIVILIZATION.

"SIR WADE DIED IN HUNTINGDON MADHOUSE. CORRECT?"

"I BELIEVE SO, INSPECTOR."

NOW, TWO GENERATIONS LATER, THIS ...TRAGEDY ...OCCURS.

INSPECTOR, SIR ROBERT WASN'T INSANE! I ASSURE YOU, MR. SEATON'S NOTES SOMEHOW PROMPTED THIS OUTBURST.

POSSIBLY. BUT IT'S DOUBTFUL WE'LL EVER KNOW.

BOY. WHERE DID YOU FIND NEVIL JERMYN AGAIN?

STUGEIN TOR ...SIR. HE WA' IN BLUE JOHN GAP.

WHAT WAS HE DOING THERE?
DOES IT MATTER?
GOOD QUESTION. DOES IT?
HE FREQUENTED THE GAP, SIR. EXPLORING ITS CAVERNS WAS A PASSION OF MASTER NEVIL'S.
CURIOSITY SEEMS A TRAIT WITH THE JERMYNS.
I'VE FINISHED UPSTAIRS, INSPECTOR.
PROGNOSIS, DOCTOR?
SIR ROBERT'S BODY WILL HEAL, BUT HIS MIND'S GONE.
YOU'LL TESTIFY HE'S MAD?
HAVE TO. WHAT WITH THIS CALAMITY.
IS HE STILL VIOLENT?
OH, NO. NO.
"HE REFUSES TO TALK, MUCH LESS MOVE. WHATEVER SET HIM OFF HAS SHATTERED SIR ROBERT. UTTERLY SHATTERED HIM.

FACTS CONCERNING THE LATE ARTHUR JERMYN

AND HIS FAMILY PART II

NOT MUCH LONGER, M'LADY. YOU NEED TO SLEEP.

ONE MOMENT, DOCTOR. HE'S SO BEAUTIFUL.

HE TAKES AFTER HIS FATHER. DON'T YOU THINK?

YET, SOMEHOW, ...HE'S DIFFERENT.

"IT'S NOTHING I CAN PUT A FINGER TO. IT'S JUST A FEELING."

EVE'N, MR. SOAMES. COME TO FETCH THE BARONET?

THAT I HAVE, CONNIE.

WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

MY MASTERS 'AVE NEVER BEEN 'ARD TO TREE.

HERE, LAND-LORD, BID BETTY TO SUMMON A CHAIR; I'LL TRY HOME FOR A WHILE, FOR MY WIFE IS NOT THERE!

SO LEND ME A HAND; I'M NOT ABLE TO STAND..

..BUT I'M GAY WHILST I LINGER ON TOP OF THE LAND!

ALFRED'S REACTION TO THE NEWS WAS PREDICTABLE.

WHA'S 'IS NAME, ALFIE?

THE JERMYNS HAVE AN HEIR!

"NAME"?

AYE. NEEDS A NAME.

OF COURSE.

IT MUST BE A WORTHY TITLE!

THE BARONET WAS BEING IRONIC, BUT NO ONE REALIZED THAT, UNTIL LATER.

TO ARTHUR! MY FIRST-BORN! AFTER BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST AND BEST!

HE SENT SOAMES RIGHT HOME AFTER THAT, BUT ALFRED NEVER FOLLOWED.

WORD OF HIS WHERE-ABOUTS WERE A LONG TIME COMING.

BECAUSE SHE WAS A GOOD WIFE, LADY JERMYN NAMED THEIR SON ARTHUR.

FAMILY RESOURCES WERE NOW SADLY SLENDER--

--BUT SHE WAS NOT WITHOUT NOTIONS OF WHAT A NOBLEMAN'S DIGNITY SHOULD BE, AND SAW TO IT HER SON RECEIVED THE BEST EDUCATION WHICH LIMITED MONEY COULD PROVIDE.

PERHAPS BECAUSE OF HER EFFORTS, ARTHUR WAS UNLIKE ANY OTHER JERMYN WHO HAD EVER LIVED.

WISE AND BRILLIANT, HE WAS ALSO A POET AND DREAMER.

BUT, NEVERTHELESS, FIRST OF ALL--

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY.
1902

--ARTHUR WAS A JERMYN.

I'M WITH YOU, ARTIE! KEEP SPRINTING!

UGH!

DIVE, ARTHUR! DIVE!

THE WHISTLE BLOWS.

GOAL!

UHN!

SMASHING SCORE, ARTIE!

ONE MOMENT, CLIVE.

EXCUSE ME, MATE.

WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT, HORSELIPS?

HEY!

GAARRGH!

ARTHUR, STOP IT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LET ME GO! LET ME GO, DAMN YOU!

BECAUSE OF HIS STATION, ARTHUR WASN'T SENT DOWN.

IN FACT, HE GRADUATED WITH HONORS THAT YEAR.

COMING HOME, ARTHUR WAS DETERMINED TO CONTINUE THE WORK OF HIS FORE-FATHER.

SIR WADE JERMYN. I HAVE TO BELIEVE HE WAS ON TO SOMETHING, MUM.

HE WAS COMMITTED FOR TALKING ABOUT HIS LOST CITY ONCE TOO OFTEN AT THE KNIGHT'S HEAD. REMEMBER?

THAT WAS THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY!

THE JERMYNS WERE BASICALLY A NOBLE BREED BEFORE SIR WADE'S EXPEDITIONS TO AFRICA. SOMETHING HAPPENED THERE THAT BROUGHT OUT THE WORST IN THIS LINE.

POSH! JERMYNS ARE NATURALLY CURIOUS. LIKE ALL MEN. THAT'S PROBABLY WHY WADE'S SON PHILIP WENT TO THE CONGO HIMSELF.

PHILIP WAS A COARSE MERCHANT WHO RAN AWAY AFTER GETTING THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER PREGNANT.

THEY *WERE* MARRIED, MUM.

SAME DIFFERENCE. PHILIP BOLTED!

I'M SORRY, MUM. WE SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS.

ACTUALLY, ARTHUR, THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO SAY.

I'VE HAD WORD OF YOUR FATHER.

WHA--?! WHEN?! WHERE IS HE?

OF ALL THINGS... HE RAN OFF WITH AN ITINERANT AMERICAN CIRCUS.

IT SEEMS FITTING SOMEHOW.

The Greatest Show on Earth!

HE PLAYED WITH THE ORCHESTRA UNTIL HE BECAME FASCINATED WITH THE CIRCUS' BULL GORILLA.

"HE ASKED AND OBTAINED PERMISSION TO TRAIN THE ANIMAL, ASTONISHING AUDIENCES AND FELLOW PERFORMERS ALIKE."

"ONE MORNING IN CHICAGO, AS THE GORILLA AND ALFRED WERE REHEARSING A BOXING MATCH--"

"--THE FORMER DELIVERED A BLOW OF MORE THAN USUAL FORCE, HURTING BOTH THE BODY AND DIGNITY OF HIS TRAINER."

"NO ONE EXPECTED TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT."

"BEFORE ANYTHING COULD BE DONE BY THE REGULAR TRAINER--"

--THE BODY WHICH HAD BELONGED TO A BARONET WAS PAST RECOGNITION.

FACTS CONCERNING THE LATE ARTHUR JERMYN AND HIS FAMILY

PART III.

fssssss

KRAKADOOM

3 AUGUST, 1913.

LIFE IS A HIDEOUS THING.

IN 1911, LADY JERMYN, ARTHUR'S MOTHER, DIED SUDDENLY IN HER SLEEP.

OBSTINATE TO PURSUE SIR WADE'S INVESTIGATIONS, ARTHUR SOLD A PORTION OF HIS ESTATE TO OUTFIT AN EXPEDITION TO THE CONGO.

HE SPENT A YEAR IN THE ONGA AND KALIRI COUNTRY, FINDING DATA BEYOND THE HIGHEST OF HIS EXPECTATIONS.

THE KALIRI'S' CHIEF, MWANU, CONFIRMED ALL OF SIR WADE'S THEORIES, INCLUDING THE PREHISTORIC CIVILIZATION.

HE ALSO SPOKE OF FABULOUS CREATURES THAT SPRUNG UP AFTER THE GREAT APES HAD OVERRUN THE LOST CITY.

THESE HYBRID CREATURES WERE ANNIHILATED BY THE WARLIKE N'BANGUS, WHO CARRIED AWAY A STATUE OF THE CITY'S GOD, 'TULU, CARVED FROM A FABULOUS PURPLE STONE.

ARTHUR WAS HARDLY ASTONISHED WHEN, EARLY IN 1912, HE CAME UPON WHAT WAS LEFT OF SIR WADE'S LOST JUNGLE CITY.

UNFORTUNATELY, NO CARVINGS OF 'TULU WERE FOUND--

--AND THE SMALL SIZE OF THE EXPEDITION PREVENTED OPERATIONS TOWARD CLEARING THE ONE PASSAGEWAY LEADING DOWN UNDER THE CITY.

THE PURPLE STATUE WAS DISCUSSED WITH ALL NATIVE CHIEFS, BUT IT REMAINED FOR A EUROPEAN TO IMPROVE ON THE DATA OFFERED BY OLD MWANU.

M. VERHAEREN, BELGIAN AGENT AT A TRADING-POST ON THE CONGO, BELIEVED HE COULD OBTAIN THE STATUE. AFTER ALL, THE N'BANGUS WERE NOW SERVANTS OF KING ALBERT'S GOVERNMENT.

IN JUNE 1913, A LETTER ARRIVED FROM M. VERHAEREN, TELLING OF THE FINDING OF THE STATUE.

IT WOULD ARRIVE DULY PACKED ABOUT A MONTH AFTER RECEIPT OF THE LETTER.

ON 3 AUGUST THE BOXED OBJECT WAS DELIVERED AND CONVEYED TO THE LIBRARY.

SIR ARTHUR! PLEASE! YOU'VE HID IN THERE ALL DAY.

I HAVE TO GO OUT, SOAMES.

TO BLUE JOHN GAP.

SIR? WHERE..?

"PLEASE CRATE UP BOTH THOSE STATUES.

"BOTH"..? MY WORD!

WHAT STARTLED INVESTIGATORS LATER SO MUCH WASN'T THE SIMILARITY OF THE STATUES, BUT THAT THE AFRICAN 'TULU WAS CARVED FROM BLUE JOHN.

THE ROMANS HAD TUNNELED UNDER STUGEIN TOR TO MINE FOR THAT SCARCE PURPLE MINERAL, ONE OF ONLY THREE PLACES IN THE WORLD IT CAN BE FOUND.

THE OTHERS ARE IN TUNGUSKA, SIBERIA, AND A PACIFIC ISLE IN THE VALIPARAISO ROUTE.

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT ARTHUR JERMYN DISCOVERED, IF ANYTHING.

IT SEEMS LIKELY, HOWEVER, THAT ARTHUR TRAVELLED FURTHER DOWN THE OLD TUNNEL THAN ANYONE SINCE HIS GRANDFATHER NEVILLE USED TO EXPLORE ITS CAVERNS.

GOOD... LORD.

AN OCEAN! A SUBTERRANEAN OCEAN!

HELLO, ARTHUR..

WHA--?!

IT'S GOOD TO FINALLY MEET YOU.

WHO'S OUT THERE?

PHILIP JERMYN, SON OF WADE JERMYN, FATHER OF ROBERT

I'M YOUR GREAT GRAND-FATHER, BOY.

THEY FILTERED DOWN FROM THE STARS WITH CTHULHU, PRIEST OF YOG-SOTHOTH.

SOME BUILT THE CONGO CITY AND WORSHIPPED CTHULHU EVEN AFTER THE GREAT ONE FELL DEAD TO DREAM.

THE SPAWN WAIT FOR THE DAY DEAD CTHULHU WILL RISE AND WE HOLD SWAY OVER THE UNIVERSE AGAIN.

HIS HEIRS WOULD BE IMMORTAL, LIKE THE SPAWN! ALL THAT IS REQUIRED IS WE COMPLETE THE CHANGE FIRST.

WHAT CHANGE?

WE BEGIN LIKE APES, NATURALLY, BUT OVER DECADES --NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS --WE EVOLVE INTO THE SPAWN.

FIRST PHYSICALLY --THEN COMES TELEPATHY--

HARD TO BELIEVE, I KNOW; BUT INSIDE, YOU KNOW WE'RE FAMILY.

THE STATUE OF GREAT CTHULHU CARVED FROM BLUE JOHN? THE DEEP ONES MINED THESE CAVERNS MILLENIA BEFORE AUGUSTUS.

"DEEP ONES"?

YES, ARTHUR. THE SPAWN OF CTHULHU

WE?

THE SPAWN CAN MATE WITH ANY SPECIES. AND DO.

MWANU TOLD YOU ABOUT THE APE HYBRIDS.

WHEN MY FATHER FOUND THE SPAWN'S CITY--

--HE GLADLY MATED WITH THEM, TOO.

--THEN WE TAKE TO WATER --AND FINALLY...

NO!

KABLAM! KABLAM!

LIFE IS A HIDEOUS THING.

FROM THE BACKGROUND BEHIND WHAT WE KNOW OF IT PEER DAEMONICAL HINTS OF TRUTH.
MISTER SOAMES! IT'S SIR ARTHUR!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, BOY?
HE'S SOAKED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN OIL!
pic fssss
IF WE KNEW THE TRUTH, WE SHOULD DO AS ARTHUR JERMYN DID--
--AND ARTHUR JERMYN SOAKED HIMSELF IN OIL AND SET FIRE TO HIS CLOTHING ONE NIGHT.
finis

The WORLDS of H.P. LOVECRAFT

THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN

Caliber Press $2.95 USA/ $3.50 Can

THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN

"Suffice to say I am a Jew, and a German before Hitler-
The Nazis detained me at Teufelsbrucke, where I
became 'Totenjuden', one of the 'Jews of Death'.
Without the chutzpa to refuse, I fed my own people
to the holocaust."

I couldn't help thinking as I started to write this, "What would the X-Men be like without H.P. Lovecraft? Or Batman? Hell, comics in general would be very different if it weren't for the gentleman from Providence."

Batman would suffer the slightest I suppose. If it wasn't for Lovecraft there wouldn't have been an Arkham Asylum because there wouldn't be an Arkham, Massachusetts, a fictional hamlet introduced in *Herbert West: Reanimator.* But what's a little thing like a name? Whoever came up with Arkham Asylum would have just called Gotham City's nuthouse something else. But...would it have sounded as creepy? As potentially...warped and malicious a place to visit?

Ah, now the X-Men, they would have had to go without those nasty alien legions Chris Claremont dubbed the Brood. Without the film *Alien* there likely would have been no Brood, and if Lovecraft hadn't created creatures like Cthulhu or the Elder Ones H.R. Giger would never have created the monster design for *Alien.* (For that matter, Claremont's plant race, the H'ylthri, from *Iron Fist,* may owe a passing nod to HPL's telepathic vegetable creatures, the Great Race.) Claremont went so far in one issue as to have a shipwrecked Scott Summers, a.k.a. Cyclops, wash up on an uncharted island that has risen mysteriously out of the ocean, only to find the remnants of an ancient civilization; readers familiar with Lovecraft's *Dagon* and *Call of Cthulhu* were already familiar with his plot device, and Claremont used it to good effect.

Marvel's grimore, the Darkhold, has been around for a number of years but has recently attracted attention to itself with a new horror series. But would the Darkhold exist with Lovecraft's *Necronomicon,* the Mad Arab Abdul Alhazreds diabolical self-help book about the Elder Ones? Four will get you six the answer is, "No."

More than one reviewer or critic has pointed out that Lovecraft persistently rehashed a handful of themes in his stories, beginning with his earlier efforts and reworking them later in his career, often with far more satisfying results (e.g., compare the progression from *Rats in the Wall* (1923) to *Charles Dexter Ward* (1927) as studies in hereditary evil escaping the past to destroy a descendant in the present). It could also be pointed out that comics do the same thing, and occasionally those themes are borrowed from Lovecraft. Every time an alien race slips out from their dimension into ours to invade earth, or a primordial god rises from the shadows of prehistory to threaten the cosmos, or a batrachian race of monsters is called forth by some unsuspecting sap of a human, you can thank Lovecraft for leading the way.

Over the next six issues I, in the company of some very talented artists, am not going to borrow Lovecraft's themes but his actual stories. It was an experiment that proved successful at Malibu Graphics in 1992, and I hope the results will be the same at Caliber in 1993. These six issues are not going to be the strictest adaptions in a literal sense, but the essence and plots of the stories will remain while we transliterate Lovecraft's works into a form workable for comic books.

I hope you enjoy this comic and the five to follow. Hopefully there will be more issues after these six have run their course. That naturally, is up to you. Let me know what you think by dropping a line via Caliber. And, until then, stay well.

Steven Philip Jones/Iowa
March, 1993

The Music of Erich Zann

BASED ON A STORY BY H.P. LOVECRAFT

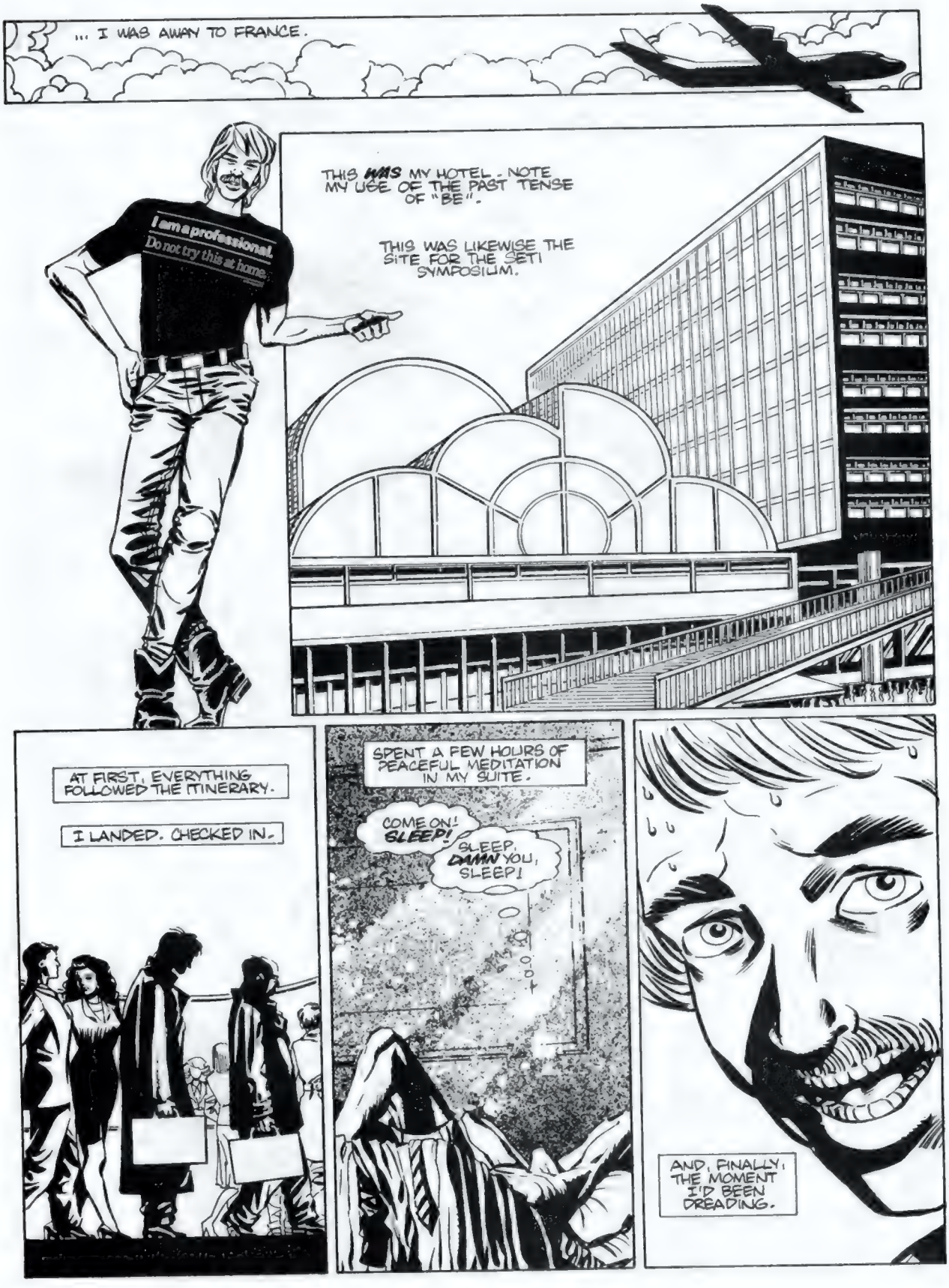
ADAPTED BY
STEVEN PHILIP JONES

ILLUSTRATED AND LETTERED BY
ALDIN BAROZA

TEUFELSBRUCKE, ON THE OTHER HAND, I'M SURE ABOUT.
THAT DAMNED PLACE WAS, WITHOUT DOUBT, AN EVIL PATCH.
NEVER HEARD OF IT? NOT SURPRISING.
"THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE" WAS HITLER'S ONLY DEATH CAMP CONSTRUCTED INSIDE NAZI GERMANY.
BUILT NEAR BERLIN TO EXPEDITE "SINGULAR EXPERIMENTS," REICHSFÜHRER HIMMLER AND HIS SS DESTROYED ALL RECORDS OF IT BEFORE THE ALLIES EVER CROSSED THE ELBE RIVER.
BY THEN HERR ZANN HAD ALREADY RAZED THE CAMP HIMSELF.
BUT MORE ABOUT THAT LATER. RIGHT NOW...

..LET'S TALK ABOUT ME. MAX FINN. FRIENDS CALL ME HUCK.
CLEVER, HUH?
WHERE I WORK: JPL OBSERVATORY.
THAT'S MY BOSS, DR. W. E. NICKELSBURG.
AND THAT'S ME. I'M UNHAPPY.
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO GO TO FRANCE. BESIDES, THE SETI SYMPOSIUM INVITED YOU. WHY DON'TCHA GO?
ONE: HEISENBERG'S UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE IS PREOCCUPYING ME RIGHT NOW.
TWO: I DON'T SPEAK FRENCH.
I ALSO SPEAK LATIN. YOU WANT I SHOULD GO TO LATIUM, TOO?
TO BE IS TO DO - Socrates
TO DO IS TO BE - Plato
DO BE DO BE DO - Sinatra

NOW THAT'S BEING FACETIOUS. I'M ASKING YOU TO ATTEND AS A FAVOR.
BESIDES, I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO GO. YOUR DISSERTATION IS ON THE SEARCH FOR EXTRATERRESTRIALS.
WELL... YEAH.
I'VE JUST NEVER BEEN OUT OF THE U.S. BEFORE.
YOU SEMESTERED AT ARECIBO!
THAT'S IN PUERTO RICO. IT DON'T COUNT.
LISTEN, I UNDERSTAND HOW EXCHANGING IDEAS WITH PEERS LIKE SAGAN, DRAKE, AND SHVARTSMAN MIGHT INTIMIDATE YOU...
"MIGHT"?
BUT I'D NEVER SEND YOU IF YOU WEREN'T QUALIFIED.
RADIO ASTRONOMY IS YOUR SPECIALTY; WATCHING STARS WOBBLE OVER BARYCENTERS IS MINE.
"THERE'S A BIG WORLD OUT THERE, MAX. IT'S TIME YOU BECAME PART OF IT."
AND SO, AT DR. NICKELSBURG'S BEHEST...


... I WAS AWAY TO FRANCE.
I am a professional. Do not try this at home.
THIS WAS MY HOTEL - NOTE MY USE OF THE PAST TENSE OF "BE".
THIS WAS LIKEWISE THE SITE FOR THE SETI SYMPOSIUM.
AT FIRST, EVERYTHING FOLLOWED THE ITINERARY.
I LANDED. CHECKED IN.
SPENT A FEW HOURS OF PEACEFUL MEDITATION IN MY SUITE.
COME ON! SLEEP!
SLEEP, DAMN YOU, SLEEP!
AND, FINALLY, THE MOMENT I'D BEEN DREADING.

THE PRE-SYMPOSIUM SOIREE! A COCKTAIL PARTY FOR EVERYONE WHO WAS ANYONE IN SETI.
1993 S.E.T.I.
RECUEIL D'ASTRONOMIE
Soyez le bienvenu!
THERE'S WALDO!
NOW IT WASN'T THAT I WAS INTIMIDATED BY THE COMPANY (I WAS) OR BY THE CONVERSATION (I WASN'T), BUT I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE FOUR THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME AND I FELT LIKE A KID ON HIS FIRST DAY AT SUMMER CAMP.
PRESS

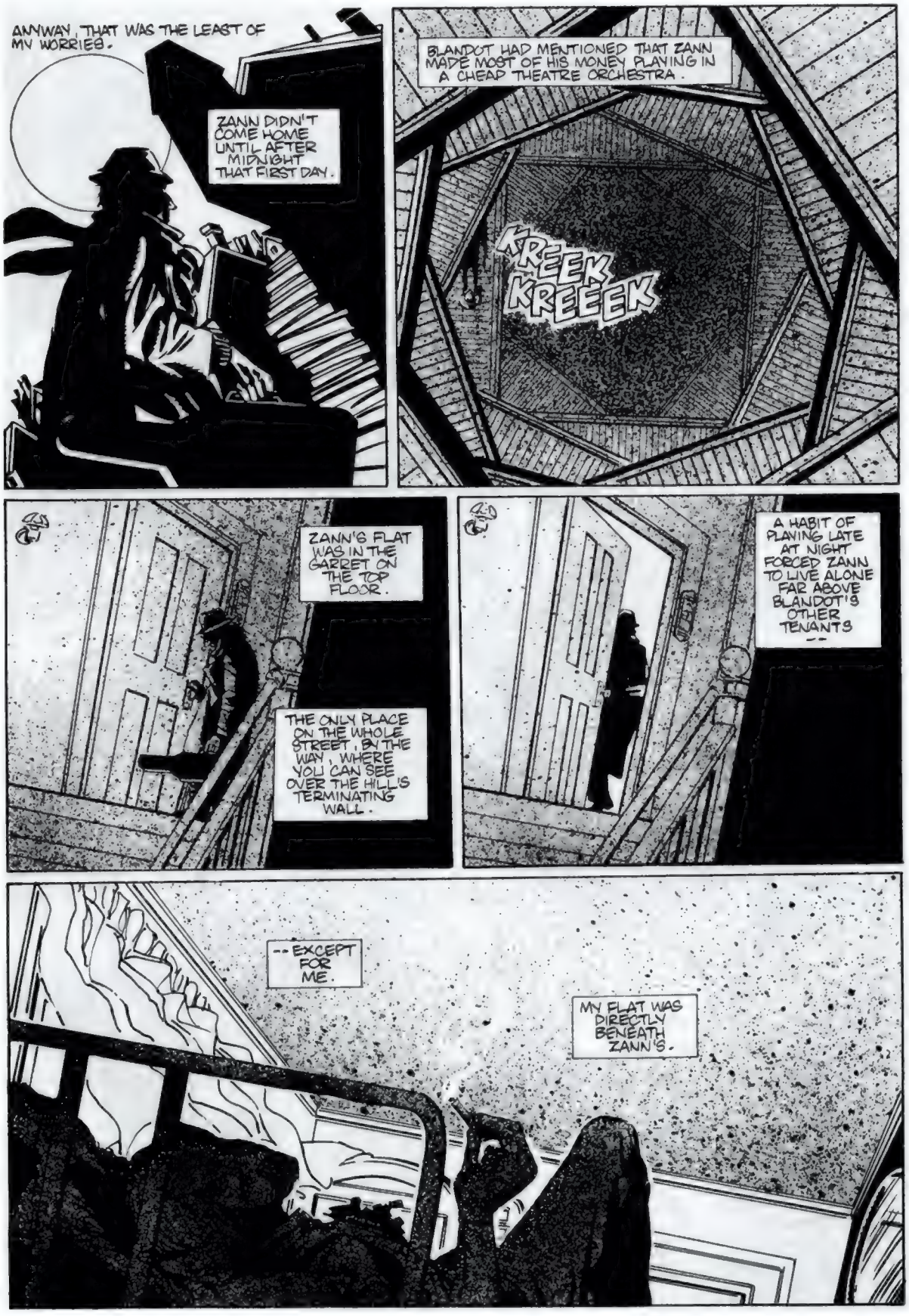
I MADE TRACKS FOR A QUIET, WELL-LIGHTED PLACE AND SULKED ON MY MISERABLE LOT IN LIFE.
I'M NOT SURE WHEN I FINALLY GOT AROUND TO NOTICING THE STREET MUSICIAN--
--BUT ONCE I DID, I COULDN'T GET HIS MUSIC OUT OF MY MIND.
IT STUCK WORSE THAN A LLOYD WEBBER SHOW TUNE.
HE PLAYED SOME KIND OF FUGUE FROM MEMORY, WITH RECURRENT PASSAGES OF THE MOST ENCHANTING QUALITY.

THAT NIGHT, AFTER SOME CHEMICAL AID TO SURMOUNT MY JET-LAG, I EXPERIENCED A NIGHTMARE.
MY FIRST STOP WAS A CUL-DE-SAC OUT OF "DR. CALIGARI." STEEP AS HELL, AND NEAR A RIVER THAT SMELLED LIKE LE SKUNK D'PEEU.
THEN I HEARD HARMONIES WITH NO RELATION WITH ANY MUSIC I EVER HEARD BEFORE.
THE NEXT THING L'IL NEMO KNEW, HE WAS PLUNGING THROUGH A LIMITLESS SPACE OF DISCORDED SOUND.
AFTER THAT CAME A FLASH OF DELIRIUM AND A BLAZE OF UNKNOWN--

--AND I WAS SOMEWHERE "ELSE."
I DEFINITELY HAD TAKEN A WRONG TURN AT ALBUQUERQUE.
ALL AROUND WERE THE RESULTS OF REBELLION, AND FROM SOMEWHERE CAME THE SOLITARY WAIL OF THE VIOL-PLAYER'S FUGUE.
THEN SOMETHING MOVED BEHIND ME. I TURNED TO SEE WHAT. MY PSYCHIC CIRCUIT BREAKER KICKED IN, AND--

YAAAAAAAAAH!!
THE MANAGEMENT WAS VERY KIND, BUT I COULD SENSE THEY FELT I HAD OVER-REACTED TO A SOFT-SHELL CRAB DREAM.
TOUGH NOOGIES.
THE GET! PRESENTATIONS SEEMED INTERMINABLE THAT FIRST DAY. I COULDN'T GET THAT DAMN VIOL-PLAYER'S FUGUE OUT OF MY MIND!
I HAD TO FIND HIM.
WHY?
BECAUSE I JUST HAD TO. THAT'S ALL I KNOW.
MY PROBLEM WAS HOW.
IT SEEMED MY BEST BET WAS A WALKING TOUR OF THE CITY, KEEPING AN EYE PEELED FOR THE OLD MAN WHILE ASKING IF ANYONE HAD SEEN HIM.
IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I SMELLED SOMETHING REALLY BAD AND AWFULLY FAMILIAR.

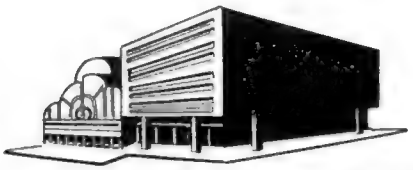
I INSTINCTIVELY STARTED FOLLOWING MY NOSE, AND ENDED UP WALKING STRAIGHT INTO THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
MORE PRECISELY, THE RUE D'AUSEIL = "THE STREET OF BEING AT THE THRESHOLD."
OH... MY.
LIKE ANY MOTIVATED ROD SERLING CHARACTER I DECIDED TO CONFRONT MY SKEWED FATE, AND MARCHED UP TO THE HOUSE FROM MY DREAM.
THE OWNER AND LANDLORD'S NAME WAS BLANDOT.
UNDER THE PRETENSE OF WANTING A FLAT, I LEARNED MY MUSICIAN RENTED A GARRET ROOM UNDER THE NAME ERICH ZANN.
BEFORE I REALIZED WHAT I WAS DOING, I RENTED THE ROOM CLOSEST TO ZANN'S.
I TRIED CONVINCING MYSELF IT WAS BECAUSE I WAS SAVING MONEY ON MY SUITE, BUT I DIDN'T BUY IT.


ANYWAY, THAT WAS THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES.
ZANN DIDN'T COME HOME UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT THAT FIRST DAY.
BLANDOT HAD MENTIONED THAT ZANN MADE MOST OF HIS MONEY PLAYING IN A CHEAP THEATRE ORCHESTRA.
KREEK KREEEK
ZANN'S FLAT WAS IN THE GARRET ON THE TOP FLOOR.
THE ONLY PLACE ON THE WHOLE STREET, BY THE WAY, WHERE YOU CAN SEE OVER THE HILL'S TERMINATING WALL.
A HABIT OF PLAYING LATE AT NIGHT FORCED ZANN TO LIVE ALONE FAR ABOVE BLANDOT'S OTHER TENANTS --
--EXCEPT FOR ME.
MY FLAT WAS DIRECTLY BENEATH ZANN'S.

*<TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH.>

FOR HIS PART, I THINK HE SENSED I WAS SINCERELY CAPTIVATED BY HIS PECULIAR COMPOSITIONS.
THAT, MORE THAN ANYTHING, BROKE THE ICE.
AFTERWARDS, HE WAS FULL OF QUESTIONS ABOUT SETI, OUR RESEARCH EARNESTLY FASCINATING HIM.
〈LOOK, BIOLOGISTS ONLY KNOW EARTH LIFE.〉
〈THAT TENDS TO GIVE THEM A PRETTY NARROW VIEW OF EVOLUTION AND ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.〉
〈THE MYSTERY IS, "ARE WE ALL THERE IS?"〉
〈DID THE COSMOS PRODUCE ONE LONELY THEME IN THE MUSIC OF LIFE? I DON'T THINK SO.〉
〈I AGREE WITH CARL SAGAN. "THERE IS A COSMIC FUGUE, WITH COUNTERPOINTS, DISSONANCES, AND HARMONIES."〉
〈"A BILLION DIFFERENT VOICES PLAYING THE LIFE MUSIC OF THE GALAXY."〉

THAT NIGHT, TRYING TO SLEEP, I HAD ANOTHER NIGHTMARE, THE "DETERMINED" MUSIC I HEARD EARLIER BEFORE KNOCKING ON ZANN'S DOOR HAUNTING ME THIS TIME.
I LIKEWISE DIDN'T WIND UP AT THE EXTERMINATION CAMP AGAIN EITHER.
NOPE. I WAS SOMEWHERE "ELSE" ALTOGETHER.
THEN THE INTRUDER FROM MY FIRST NIGHTMARE INTERRUPTED.
AND I WOKE UP.
HMMMMPPPFFF!



SETI'S SECOND DAY DIED SLOWLY--

I TIP-TOED UPSTAIRS TO LISTEN - I WAS GOING TO KNOCK, BUT THAT NIGHT'S MUSIC CHECKED ME.

--COMPLICATED BY A FORMAL DINNER PARTY. AS THINGS TURNED OUT, HERR ZANN BEAT ME HOME.

SOMEHOW IT OCCASIONALLY TOOK ON A SYMPHONIC QUALITY, ZANN MAKING SOUNDS I COULDN'T BELIEVE COULD BE PRODUCED WITH JUST A VIOLIN.

CHARMED, I SAT DOWN FOR A FEW HOURS AND LISTENED, AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE WEIRD PART. THE CLIMAX.
FRIENDS SAY IT WAS ALL A DREAM, BUT I THINK NOT.
IT WAS ON THE THIRD NIGHT THAT I HEARD ZANN'S SHRIEKING VIOL SWELL INTO A CHAOTIC BABEL OF SOUND; A PANDEMONIUM FOLLOWED BY AN INARTICULATE HOLLER.
POUND POUND
HERR ZANN! <ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?>
IT SEEMED FOREVER BEFORE I HEARD ANYTHING MOVING BEHIND HIS DOOR.
I COULD HEAR ZANN CLOSING THE SHUTTER AND SASH TO HIS WINDOW, THEN ...
GUHH!
<YOU'RE OKAY!>
HARDLY. HE WAS SCARED OUT OF HIS MIND.
<WON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG?>
RATTLE RATTLE
OW! <LET GO, HERR ZANN!>

HE STARTED WRITING SOMETHING FOR ME AND WANTED ME TO BEGIN READING IT NOW, BEFORE HE HAD FINISHED IT ALL.
HOW COULD I REFUSE HIM? AND, EVEN THOUGH I NEVER READ ANY MORE THAN WHAT HE ALREADY FINISHED--
--IT EXPLAINED MORE THAN ENOUGH.
"THE KORAN SAYS, 'I AM BIDDEN TO SURRENDER MYSELF TO THE LORD OF THE WORLDS. HE IT IS WHO CREATED YOU OF THE DUST.'
"SUFFICE TO SAY I AM A JEW, AND A GERMAN BEFORE HITLER. BUT EVEN THOUGH I WAS NEVER A BUND OR HASHOMER--
"--THE NAZIS DETAINED ME AT TEUFELSBRUCKE, WHERE I BECAME 'TOTENJUDEN', ONE OF THE 'JEWS OF DEATH'.
"WITHOUT THE CHUTZPA TO REFUSE, I FED MY OWN PEOPLE TO THE HOLOCAUST.
"BUT, NOT LIKE THE OTHER TOTENJUDEN, MY HEART COULDN'T DIE. CONSUMING WRATH CONSTANTLY SMOLDERED WITHIN ME.

"THAT IS WHY I BELIEVE THE CRAWLING CHAOS CALLED ME.
"THERE WAS STILL A MUTED SPARK ALIVE INSIDE ME.
"'LET ME BE YOUR SHIELD,' I HEARD.
"FROM CABALA I RECOGNIZED THE SOUL AND MESSENGER OF THE OTHER GODS AT ONCE.
"EVEN IN THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, NYARLATHOTEP FRIGHTENED ME MOST OF ALL.
"'I CAN BRING JUDGEMENT IN YOUR PEOPLE'S FAVOR,' HE SAID, 'WEANED FROM THE HEART OF ULTIMATE CHAOS.'
"'LIFT UP YOUR EYES AND CALL TO AZATHOTH, MUTE.'
"'HE WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY.'
"FROM SOMEWHERE I HEARD BLASPHEMOUS MUSIC--
"--AND WITHOUT HESITATION I PLAYED WHAT I HEARD.

"SUCH MUSIC! SUCH POWER! I WAS ADHERENT AT ONCE, AND HAVE BEEN EVER SINCE!
"WHAT I SAW... IT WAS TOO MUCH! I SHUT MY EYES BUT WENT ON PLAYING AS THE AIR TURNED FIERCE AND FOUL.
"WHEN I DID LOOK AGAIN THE CRAWLING CHAOS WAS GONE, AND THE PILLAR WAS MOVING BETWEEN THE SHATTERED CORPSES.
"OUR DEAL WAS COMPLETE."

HERR ZANN?
THAT WAS ALL I HAD A CHANCE TO READ. MUSIC FROM OUTSIDE INTERRUPTED US.
ZANN SEIZED HIS VIOLIN AS IF IT WERE A WEAPON--
--AND BEGAN PLAYING A WILD HUNGARIAN DANCE--
--ALMOST AS IF TO WARD OFF A STEADY MOCKING NOTE COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW FROM FAR AWAY IN THE EAST.
KER-ASH!
GARE!
BUT ZANN KEPT ON PLAYING AS IF LIFE DEPENDED ON IT.
HEY!
I DID TRY TO RESCUE ZANN'S PAPERS.
NO GOOD. I LOST THEM.
CAME CLOSE TO LOSING MY MIND, TOO.
IT WAS TRUE! MY NIGHTMARES OF THE CAMP AND THE ALIEN CITY!
TRUE! ALL OF IT!

ZANN! <OUTSIDE! LOOK OUT..!>
HE COULDN'T HEAR ME.
HE WAS SOMEWHERE "ELSE".
"I AM BIDDEN TO SURRENDER MYSELF TO THE LORD OF THE WORLDS."
"HE IT IS WHO CREATED YOU OF THE DUST."
YAAAAAHHHH!!

I WENT A LITTLE MAD THAT NIGHT.
HEY, WHO WOULDN'T?

BUT I COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING. NO ONE HAD EVER HEARD OF THE RUE D'ALSEIL, AND IT DOESN'T APPEAR ON ANY MAPS.
I'M NOT SURPRISED.

THAT'S HOW IT GOES IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
♪HMM-HMM ♪HMM.♪
BUT THAT WAS THEN. TODAY I'M STILL HUNTING EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS.

THE MYSTERY OF THE COSMIC FUGUE STILL HAUNTS ME, NEVER FAR FROM MY MIND.
AFTER FRANCE, I *HAVE* TO KNOW IF WE'RE ALONE.

THE RUE D'ALSEIL WASN'T A NIGHTMARE, AND ERICH ZANN WAS NO DREAM.
LIKE I SAID, HE WAS A GOOD MAN.

A DAMNED GOOD MAN.

Fini

The WORLDS of H.P. LOVECRAFT

THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE

CALIBER PRESS $2.95 USA/ $3.50 CAN Mature Audiences

THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE

"Weird thing happened to me tonight. I got a chance to stare violence right between the eyes. It's an attractive monster. It spits and chews people like taffy...except, this is the first time I watched the monster feed."

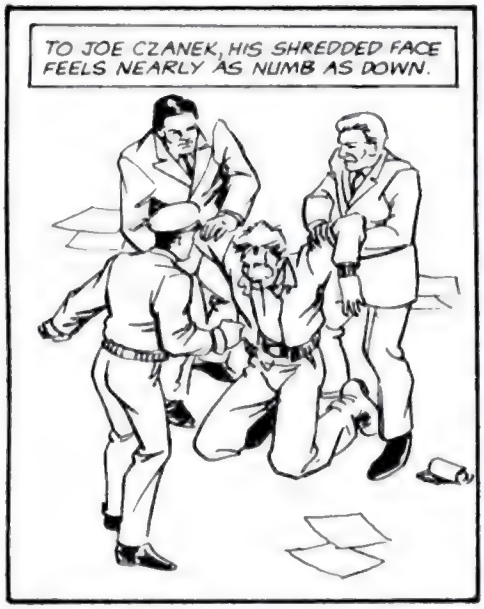
H. P. Lovecraft's The PICTURE in the HOUSE

ADAPTATION BY: STEVEN PHILIP JONES • ART BY: ROB DAVIS • LETTERING BY: SUSAN E. DORNE

"THEY CLIMB TO THE MOONLIT TOWERS OF RUINED RHINE CASTLES, AND FALTER DOWN BLACK COBWEBBED STEPS BENEATH THE SCATTERED STONES OF FORGOTTEN CITIES IN ASIA."
NEW YORK. 5/20/93. 15:43.
"BUT THE TRUE EPICURE OF THE TERRIBLE ESTEEMS MOST OF ALL THE ANCIENT, LONELY FARMHOUSES OF NEW ENGLAND."
"FOR THERE THE DARK ELEMENTS OF STRENGTH, SOLITUDE, GROTESQUENESS AND IGNORANCE COMBINE--"
"--TO FORM THE PERFECTION OF THE HIDEOUS."
BRAVO, PYTR. YOUR FIRST GRAPH'S A WINNER. AS ALWAYS.
CLAP CLAP CLAP

I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT.
AFTER FIVE BESTSELLERS, MR. KNOLL, YOU SHOULD KNOW LORRAINE CLAUDE AIN'T EVER WRONG.
YOU'RE A PERSUASIVE WRITER! SHOW SOME CONFIDENCE!
THIS GRAPH ISN'T TOO SIMILAR TO CONAN DOYLE'S "COPPER BEACHES"!
SHERLOCK HOLMES, HE SAID OF FARMSTEADS--
EXCUSE ME?
"I LOOK AT THEM, AND THE ONLY THOUGHT WHICH COMES TO MIND IS A FEELING OF THEIR ISOLATION--
--AND OF THE IMPUNITY WITH WHICH CRIME MAY BE COMMITTED THERE."
HEAR THAT? BESIDES ZERO SELF-ESTEEM, HE'S TOO WELL-READ.
LOOK, PYTR, BOTTOM LINE, GRAYMALKIN PRESS WANTS TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK.
IF THAT'S OKAY WITH YOU, JUST SAY THE WORD.

"GOOD ENOUGH."
THAT NIGHT. 21:09.
FROM WHERE ANGELO RICCI IS STANDING, THE BLOWS SOUND LIKE FISTS BELTING ON A PILLOW.


TO JOE CZANEK, HIS SHREDDED FACE FEELS NEARLY AS NUMB AS DOWN.

flang-chick

IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIS CRACKED TEETH, JOE WOULDN'T KNOW ANY PAIN AT ALL.

NUFF ALREADY!
KENNY. GIT DA TRUNK OPEN.

AN' SPREAD A BLANKET.

I JES NEED TO GIT SOMETHIN' OFFA OUR PAL JOEY, HERE.

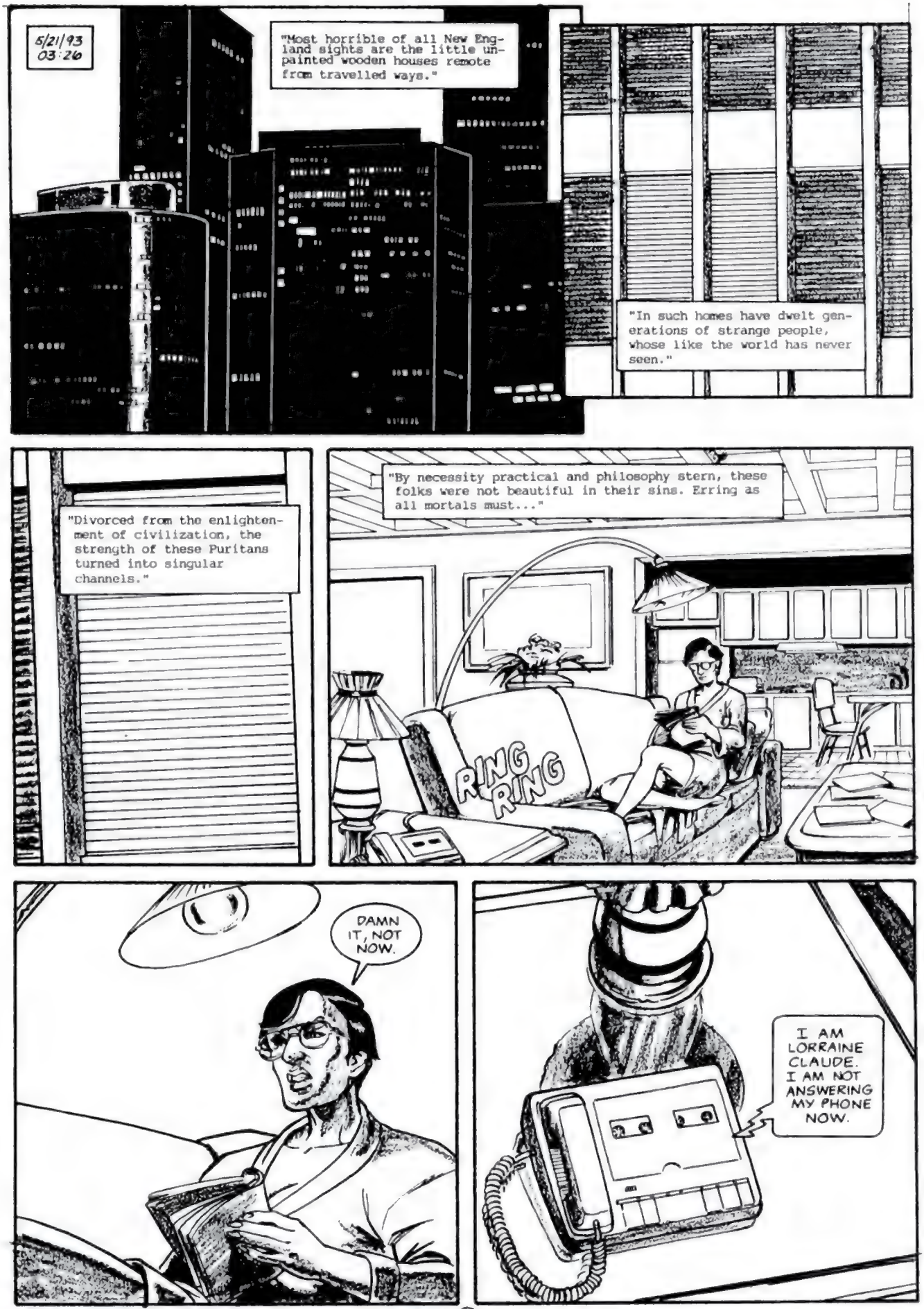
DEN WE CAN SPLIT.
SCHNICK
CZANEK HOWLS.
THEN STOPS.
THIS NIGHTMARE IS DONE.
WITH HIM.
HURRY IT UP, YOU GUYS.
"I'M ALREADY LATE TA MY RESERVATION."
21:43
TIME LOCK
TIME LOCK
TIME LOCK
Theatre
DAVIS INC
OH, CHRIST.
MANUEL. LOOK!
WHAT?
THAT'S ANGELO RICCI.
A HOOD? DAMN IT, I THOUGHT YOU SAW WALT WILLEY OR SOME STAR.
"STAR"? RICCI'S NUMERO TWO IN THE CORRERA FAMILY!

"HE'S FROM RED HOOK. GOT MADE BACK IN '72. THAT'S ONE BLUE CHIP MAFIOSI."
MY PALS AT THE TIMES SAY RICCI'S TRYING TO BUST UP THE MACHINIST'S UNION.
I THOUGHT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT KNOLL'S NEW BOOK.
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING NEW AGE.
YOU DO, SO I DO. REMEMBER? THAT'S BEEN STANDARD OPS FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.
ALTHOUGH IT'S HARD SOMETIMES TO BELIEVE YOU'RE THE SAME GIRL I GOT HORNY FOR AT BROWN.
I'M NOT. PLASTIC SURGERY HAS TAKEN CARE OF THAT.
Carter Mondale
THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT.
HEY, I WAS JOKING. TRUST ME. I KNOW I WAS. I HAVE A MASTERS IN PSYCHOLOGY.
AND A PASSION FOR SERIAL KILLERS AND MOBSTERS. YOU HAVE A REPUTATION, WOMAN. THE BLUES IN MY PRECINCT SAY "THE BLOODIER THE CRIME, THE MORE LORRAINE LIKED IT".

I DON'T BLOW CHUNKS AT CAR WRECKS, IF THAT'S WHAT THEY MEAN.
HEY, I'M NEXT!
PARK YOUR CAR, SIR?
HEY, I'VE SEEN YOU EAT HARD-BOILED EGGS AT CAR WRECKS.
SO I LIKE EGGS. ESPECIALLY WITH RUNNY YOKES.
MY CAR WAITS BY THE CURB.
I WON'T BE HERE LONG.
"I CAN FEEL IT! PYTR'S BOOK IS GOING TO TOP NON-FICTION CHARTS TEN DAYS AFTER IT HITS THE RACKS!"
"I DON'T GET THIS, LORRAINE."
"IT'S NEW AGE --BUT IT'S ABOUT PERVERSIONS?"
IT'S ABOUT INTENSE MISBEHAVIORAL PSYCHIATRY. PYTR DELVES INTO HUMANITY'S INHERENT SAVAGERY--
"--AND LINKS IT WITH OUR IMPERMANENCE ON EARTH AND IN A COLD, IMPERSONAL COSMOS."
"IT'S DAZZLINGLY ORIGINAL FOR THE GENRE!"
EXCUSE ME, MR. RICCI.
HMM?
YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF JOE CZANEK'S.
AND HE NEEDS IT BACK.
KA-BLAM!

EVERY-ONE REMAIN CALM. NO ONE ELSE HAS TO BE HURT.
STEP AWAY FROM THE BODY AND RAISE YOUR HANDS. NOW.
I WON'T THREE-PEAT MYSELF. RAISE YOUR HANDS!
THE KILLER DOESN'T BLINK. DOESN'T PAUSE FOR CONSEQUENCES. JUST ACTS.
BAM!
KA-BLAM!
GUUHN-
WOW.

22:41
WHAT'S THE VERDICT, SAM?
SO FAR, I'D SAY THIS IS A RELIGIOUS SHOOT.
WE STILL HAVE TO GO DOWNTOWN AND SPAR WITH I.A.D.
YEAH, WILL. I KNOW.
'SCUSE ME, DETECTIVES.
ONE OF YOU'S GOT SOMETHING I NEED.
OH! CZANEK'S FINGER! I FORGOT.
HERE IT IS.
WHAT'S THAT TATTOO? THE HITMAN HAD ONE, TOO.
THEY'RE JUST POPULAR WITH CERTAIN LOW-LIFES.
IT'S FASHIONABLE FOR RIVALS TO LOP OFF A SNAKE FINGER AFTER A WHACK.
I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I GET HOME AND SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING.
SURE.
WE GOT TO GET GOING.
WOW.
AMBULANCE


5/21/93
03:26
"Most horrible of all New England sights are the little unpainted wooden houses remote from travelled ways."
"In such homes have dwelt generations of strange people, whose like the world has never seen."
"Divorced from the enlightenment of civilization, the strength of these Puritans turned into singular channels."
"By necessity practical and philosophy stern, these folks were not beautiful in their sins. Erring as all mortals must..."
RING RING
DAMN IT, NOT NOW.
I AM LORRAINE CLAUDE. I AM NOT ANSWERING MY PHONE NOW.

"—they were forced by their rigid code to seek concealment above all else. Only the silent, sleepy, staring houses in the backwoods can tell all that has lain hidden since the early days."
"And they are not communicative."
HEY, BABE, IT'S MANUEL. JUST GOT HOME... SORRY IT'S SO LATE... GUESS YOU'RE ASLEEP.
I FELT LIKE TALKING... BUT IT CAN WAIT. NO BIG DEAL.
YOU CAN LEAVE A MESSAGE AT THE TONE.
PYTR, WHY DO YOU USE THAT GOOFY PSEUDONYM?
ANTIQUITY AND ANNIHILATION
by
NYARLATHOTEP
(galley proof)
AFTER TONIGHT, I GUESS WE BOTH NEED SOME SLEEP. I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW... BYE ...(click)
"Some feel that it would be merciful to tear down these houses, for they must often dream."
FLICK

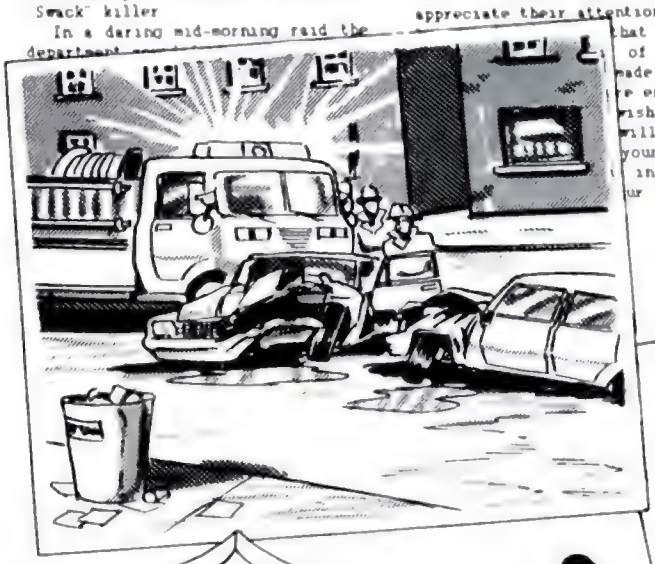
POLICE STING NABS 'SWACK' KILLER

by Lorraine Claude

The New York Police Dept in what it has labeled as one of it s most extensive undercover operations in its history has nabbed the notorious "Swack" killer

In a daring mid-morning raid the department [illegible] of terror for nearly half a year

The rest of this article is meant purely as filler and should be read only as such Should anyone take the time to read this the creators appreciate their attention to detail [illegible] that there is a [illegible] of background [illegible] made up [illegible] re enjoying the [illegible] wish you would [illegible] will have full [illegible] your letter of [illegible] in this issue [illegible] ur letters)



A Graymalkin Press

TIME'S ACE TAKES NON-FICTION EDITORIAL POST

Time's Award Winning ace reporter, Lorraine Claude, has been hired by Graymalkin Press as a new elditor in its line of non-fiction publications. In the accompanying photo Ms. Claude is seen shaking hands with Graymalkin CEO and President Steven P. Jones and promotional coordinator David Roberts.

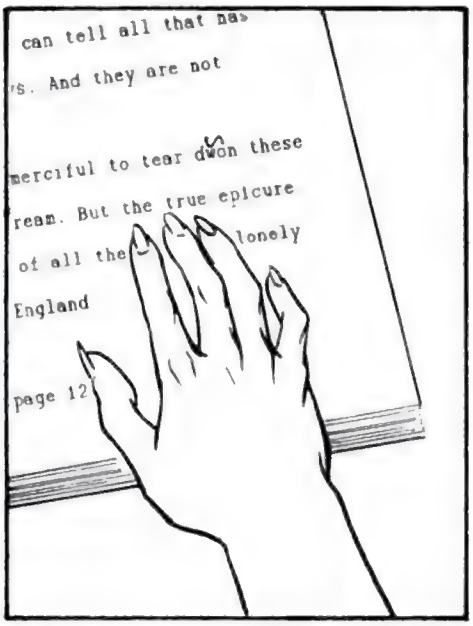
The rest of this letter is meant purely as filler and should be read only as such. Should anyone take the time to read this the creators appreciate their attention to detail but should remember that there is a limit to the amount of background detail that can be "made up."

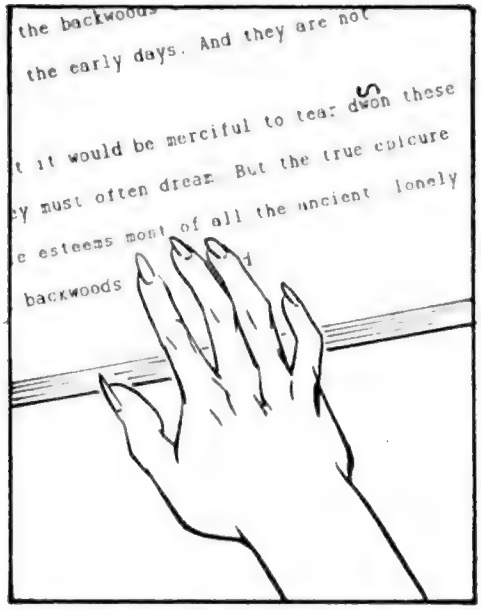
We hope that you are enjoying the book so far but do wish you would read on so that you will have full information to write your letter of comme (see the indicia in this issue as to where to send your letters).

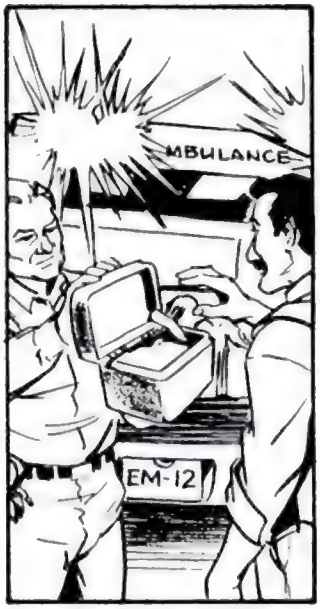
Thank you.
David Roberts, promotional director

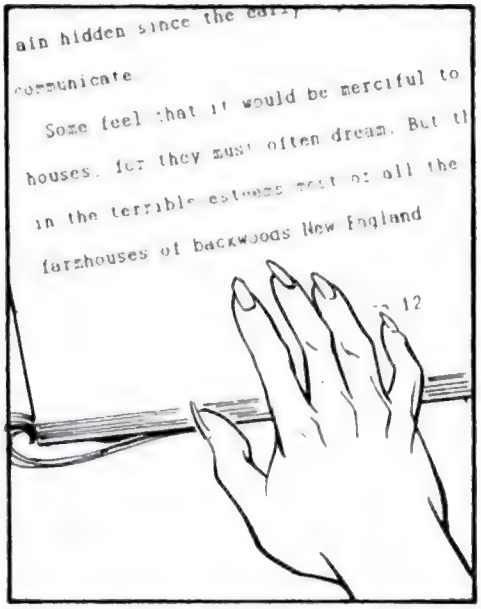
To Lorraine Claude
12th Precinct Beat
Best Breaking Story
New York Times, 1989

By Lorraine Claude

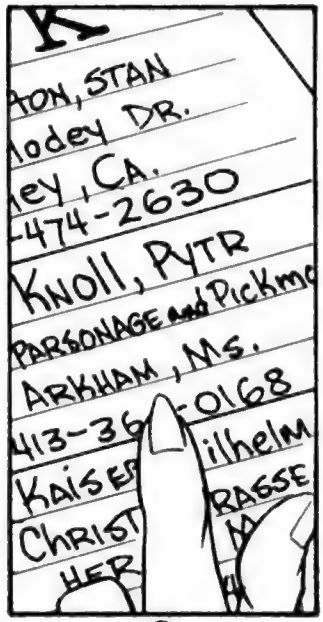

can tell all that has
s. And they are not
merciful to tear dwon these
ream. But the true epicure
of all the
England
page 12


the backwoods
the early days. And they are not
t it would be merciful to tear dwon these
y must often dream. But the true epicure
e esteems most of all the ancient lonely
backwoods


MBULANCE
EM-12


ain hidden since the early
communicate
Some feel that it would be merciful to
houses. for they must often dream. But th
in the terrible esteems most of all the
farmhouses of backwoods New England
12

Address Book


K
ATON, STAN
Modey DR.
ley, CA.
-474-2630
KNOLL, PYTR
PARSONAGE and PICKMA
ARKHAM, MS.
413-36 -0168
KAISER ilhelm
CHRIST RASSE
HER

THIS IS PARSONAGE & PICKMAN IN ARKHAM. IF YOU LEAVE A MESSAGE I SHALL KNOW IT. <beep>

PYTR. YOUR EDITOR. DON'T BOTHER PICKING UP IF YOU'RE THERE.
"JUST CALLED TO SAY I'LL BE IN YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS THIS WEEKEND."
"WEIRD THING HAPPENED TO ME TONIGHT. I GOT A CHANCE TO STARE VIOLENCE RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES. IT'S AN ATTRACTIVE MONSTER."
"IT SPITS AND CHEWS PEOPLE LIKE TAFFY. BUT WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?"
"C'est la vie IN ZEE APPLE, RIGHT?"
"EXCEPT...THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I WATCHED THE MONSTER FEED."
WOW
"YOUR NOTION SUCH VIOLENCE IS NATURAL TO THE EDENS OF NEW ENGLAND... IS SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO SEE."

CAW!
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM, OLD TIMER?
CAW! CAW!
WHAT IN--!?
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!
A STORM?! NOW?!
"MY LUCK, SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING."

HAD TO. TAKE THE SCENIC ROUTE, DIDN'CHA?
THAT A HOUSE?
THANK YOU GOD.
HELLO?!
ANYBODY IN THERE?
CRACK-A-WOOM!
SWEET SON OF GOD!
READY OR NOT INSIDE, I'M COMING IN!

I'M IN.
I COME IN PEACE.
ANYBODY HOME?
ANYBODY EVEN LIVE HERE?
"WHAT LOVELY ANTIQUES YOU HAVE, GRANDMA."
OH... MY... GOODNESS.

EXCEPT FOR-UGH!
CANNIBALS!
PROBABLY A GOOD THING I CAN'T READ LATIN.
KETCHED IN THE RAIN, BE YE?
HUHHAA!
GLAD YE WAS NIGH THE HOUSE EN' HAD THE SENSE TA COME RIGHT IN.
I'M SORRY. I SHOUTED... BUT YOU DIDN'T ANSWER.
SIT EN' DRY OFF. I CALC'LATE I WAS ASLEEP, ELSE I'D A HEERD YE. I HAIN'T AS YOUNG AS I USTER BE, EN' I NEED A PAOWERFUL SIGHT O'NAPS NAOWADAYS.
I HAIN'T SEED MANY FOLKS 'LONG THIS RUD SENSE THEY TUK OFF THE ARKHAM STAGE.

THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING. AFTER SOME SIGHTSEEING.
YEW HAIL FROM BOSTING?
NEW YORK ACTUALLY.
UH-HUM.
BUT BORN IN RHODE ISLAND.
THAT SO?
WE HAD A DEESTRICK SCHOOLMASTER FROM NEW AMSTERDAM IN 'EIGHTY-FOUR--
--BUT HE QUIT SUDDENT EN' NO ONE NEVER HEARD OF AIM SENCE.
WHAT IS THAT BOOK? IT LOOKS OLD.
'TIS. CAP'N EBENEZER HOLT TRADED ME THIS IN 'SIXTY-EIGHT.
HE GOT THIS IN LONDON, I GUESS.
I RELISHED THE PICTERS, SO HE GIVE IT ON A SWAP FER A HOSS.
QUEER HAOW PICTERS KIN SET A BODY THINKIN'. I S'POSE 'TIS SINFUL, BUT HAIN'T WE ALL BORN EN' LIVIN' IN SIN?
THAT FELLER BEIN' CHOPPED UP GIVES ME A TICKLE EVERY TIME I LOOK AT 'IM.
I HEV TA KEEP LOOKIN' AT 'IM.

"'TIS QUEER HAOW PICTERS SETS YE THINKIN'. ONCT I TRIED SUTHIN' FUNNY."
I'M RIGHT SOT ON IT.
I USTER LOOK AT IT A LOT ARTER I GOT THIS AFRIKY BOOK OFF EB.
"ALL I DONE WAS TER LOOK AT THE PICTER AFORE I KILT SOME SHEEP FOR MARKET."
"KILLIN' SHEEP WAS KINDER MORE FUN ARTER LOOKIN' AT IT, BUT D'YE KNOW, 'TWAN'T QUITE SATISFYIN'."
KRRACK
THAT A FACT?
QUEER HOW A CRAVIN' GITS A HOLT ON YE.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
DO YE?

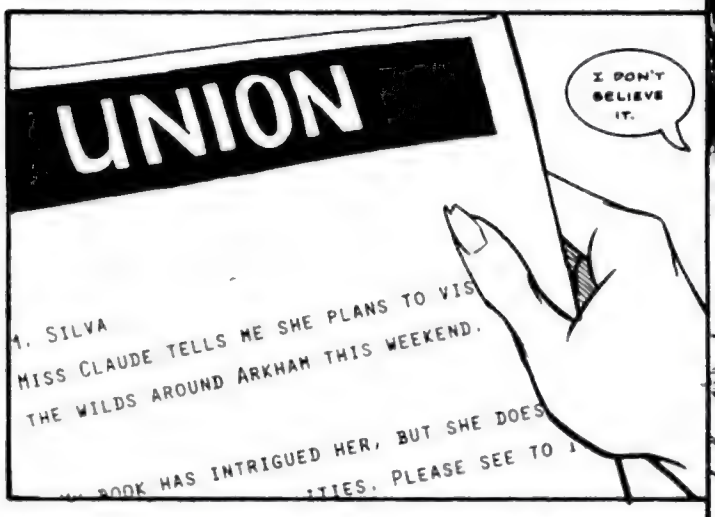
AS YE LOVE THE ALMIGHTY, DON'T TELL NOBODY, BUT I SWAR TER GAWD--
--THIS PICTER MADE ME HUNGRY FER VICTUALS I COULDN'T RAISE NOR BUY!
I WONDERED HAOW 'TWUD BE EF I DID.
THEY SAY MEAT MAKES BLOOD EN' FLESH, EN' GIVES YE NEW LIFE. SO I WONDERED.
"'TWUDN'T MAKE A MAN LIVE LONGER AND LONGER EF 'TWAS MORE THE SAME?"
HUHN--?!
BLOOD!

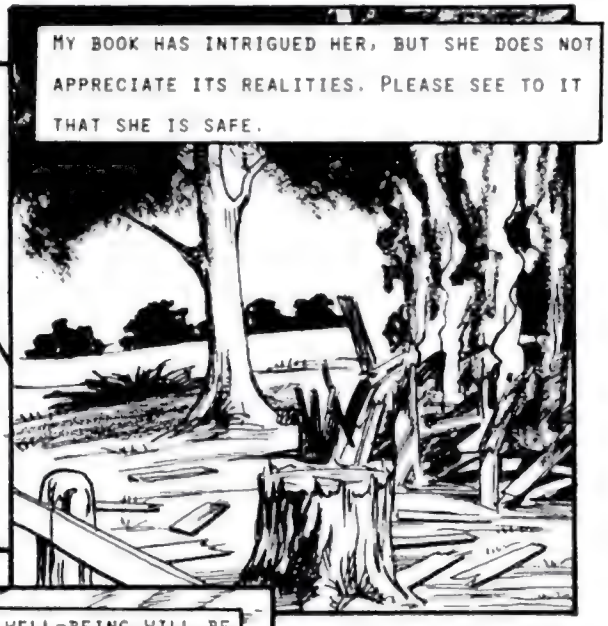
RRRUUUMMMBLLLEE
IT'S BLOOD!
WHOOM!
IYYYEEE!
GARRRRGH!
KRACKA
DOOM
"THAT'S THE LAST THING I REMEMBER."

NO SIGN OF CONCUSSION.
I'M OKAY.
YOU'RE LUCKY, MISS. VERY LUCKY THAT MADMAN OR THE LIGHTNING DIDN'T KILL YOU.
SHERIFF KING, HAVE YOU INVESTIGATED WHAT I TOLD YOU?
NO SENSE IN IT, MA'AM. WE HAVEN'T HAD A DISTRICT SCHOOL TEACHER IN THESE PARTS SINCE WORLD WAR ONE.
AS FOR EB HOLT, WELL...
HOLT WAS A LOCAL HERO WHO DIED IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.
THA-- THAT CAN'T BE!
LISTEN, THIS NUT WAS LIVING IN A FANTASY WORLD.
UNFORTUNATELY, HERMITS LIKE HIM ARE SEQUESTERED HERE AND THERE THROUGHOUT THIS VALLEY.
THEN... HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME?
YOU CAN THANK ME FOR THAT. AND PYTR KNOLL.

KNOLL SENT ME THIS TELEGRAM THIS MORNING.
PYTR--?! YOU--?! WHAT IN HELL..?

HE WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU. GOOD THING, TOO.


UNION
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
1. SILVA
MISS CLAUDE TELLS ME SHE PLANS TO VIS
THE WILDS AROUND ARKHAM THIS WEEKEND.
BOOK HAS INTRIGUED HER, BUT SHE DOES
ITIES. PLEASE SEE TO


MY BOOK HAS INTRIGUED HER, BUT SHE DOES NOT APPRECIATE ITS REALITIES. PLEASE SEE TO IT THAT SHE IS SAFE.

DO NOT HESITATE. HER WELL-BEING WILL BE YOUR REWARD.
PYTR KNOLL

RD'93

The WORLDS of

H.P. LOVECRAFT

THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE

CALIBER COMICS

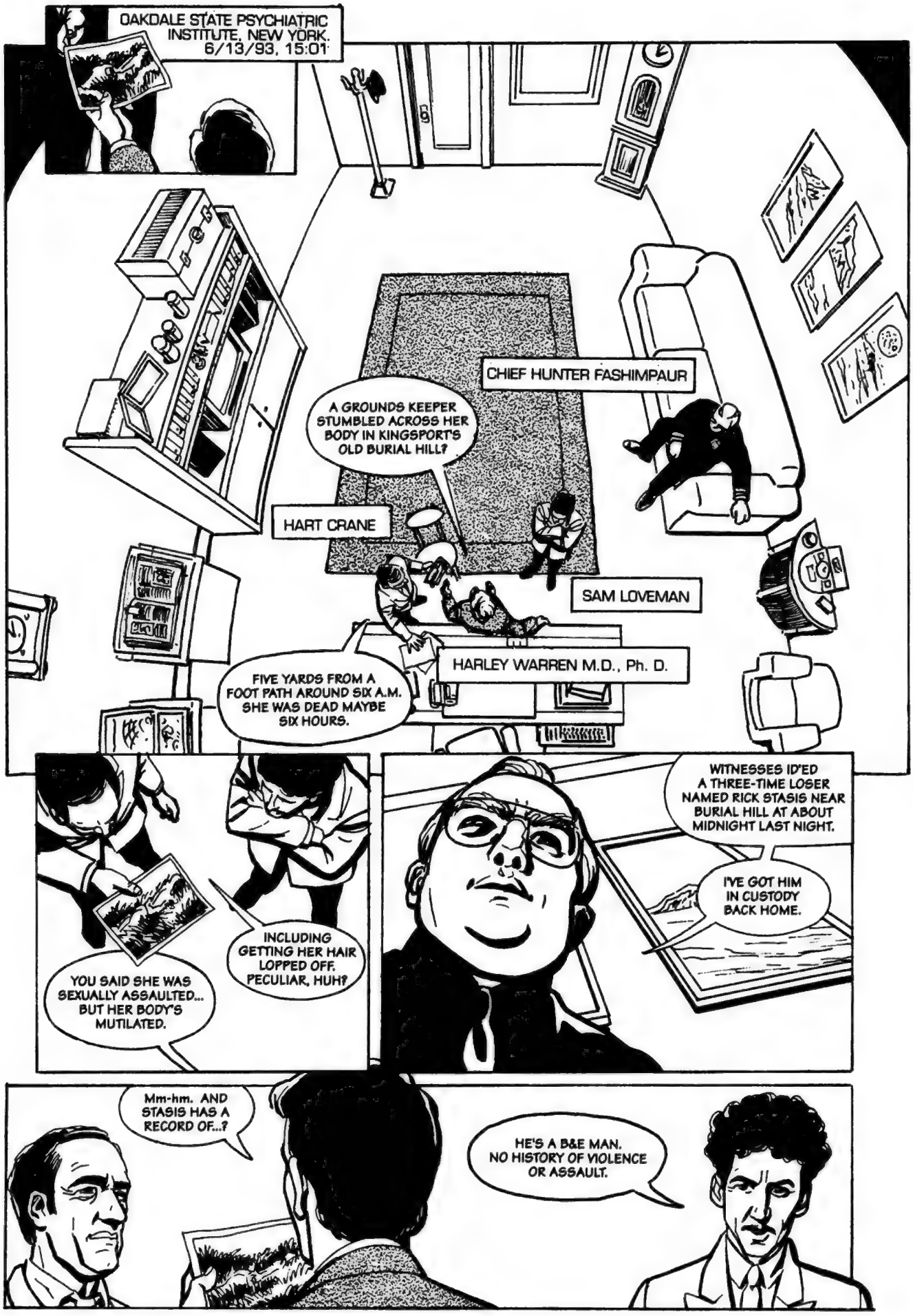
The Worlds Of H.P. LOVECRAFT

The Statement of Randolph Carter

THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER

"When night falls, he said, "they hallow themselves out, and stretch deep into subterranean tunnels."

THE
STATEMENT
OF
Randolph
Carter


OAKDALE STATE PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE, NEW YORK. 6/13/93, 15:01
CHIEF HUNTER FASHIMPAUR
A GROUNDS KEEPER STUMBLED ACROSS HER BODY IN KINGSPORT'S OLD BURIAL HILL?
HART CRANE
SAM LOVEMAN
HARLEY WARREN M.D., Ph. D.
FIVE YARDS FROM A FOOT PATH AROUND SIX A.M. SHE WAS DEAD MAYBE SIX HOURS.
YOU SAID SHE WAS SEXUALLY ASSAULTED... BUT HER BODY'S MUTILATED.
INCLUDING GETTING HER HAIR LOPPED OFF. PECULIAR, HUH?
WITNESSES ID'ED A THREE-TIME LOSER NAMED RICK STASIS NEAR BURIAL HILL AT ABOUT MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT.
I'VE GOT HIM IN CUSTODY BACK HOME.
Mm-hm. AND STASIS HAS A RECORD OF...?
HE'S A B&E MAN. NO HISTORY OF VIOLENCE OR ASSAULT.

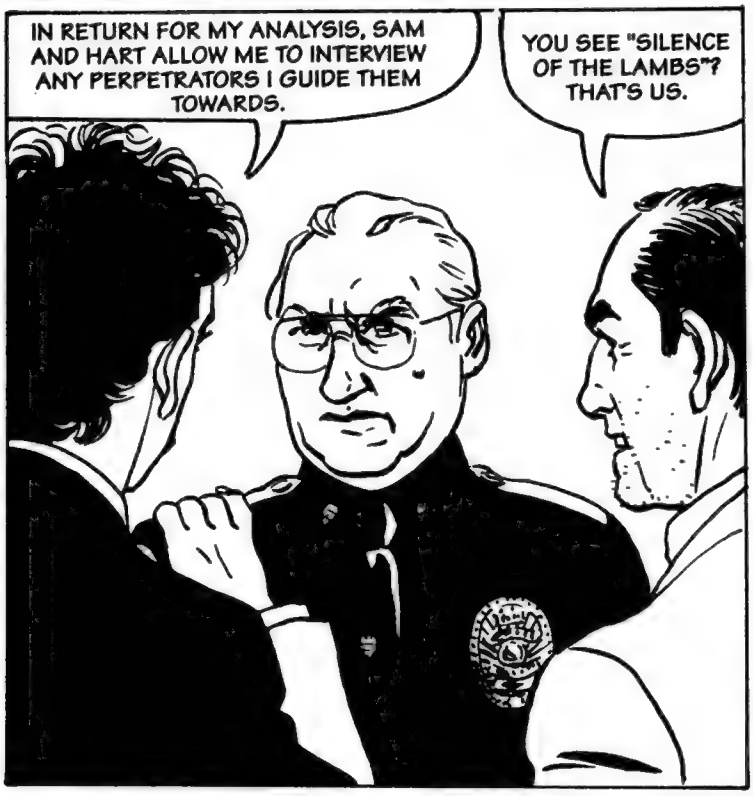
HE'S AN EX-CON, AND CONS ARE ANIMALS! ANYONE WHO'D RAPE A WOMAN THEN HACK HER UP...
SEX OFFENDERS RARELY, IF EVER, MUTILATE THEIR VICTIMS, CHIEF FASHIMPAUR.
CERTAINLY NOT IN THIS MANNER.
YOU SAYING STASIS DIDN'T DO IT?
CORRECT.
SOMEONE ELSE ASSAULTED THE GIRL, THEN A SECOND PARTY KILLED HER.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!
WOULD THE FBI CONSULT ME IF I DIDN'T? HARDLY.

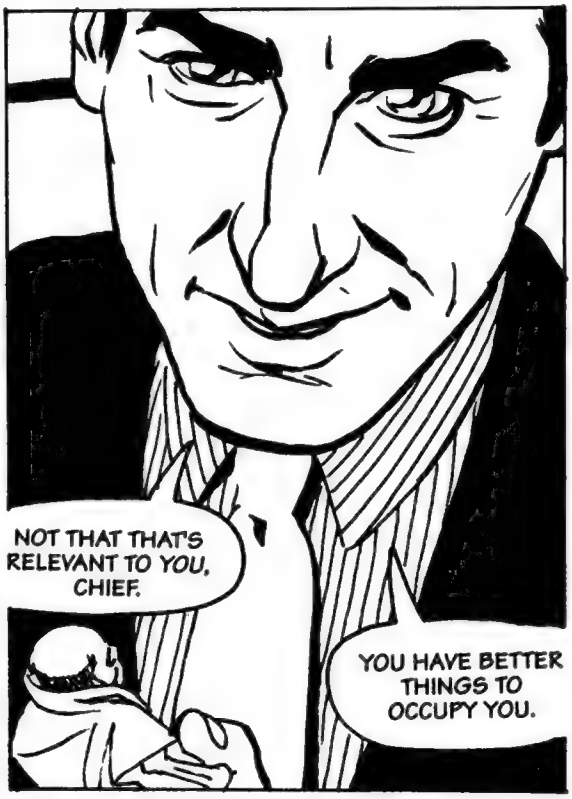
"TWO"? BOTH MALES?
PROBABLY, SINCE THE ONE THAT KILLED THE GIRL WAS INTIMATE WITH HER.
CHANCES ARE YOU'VE INTERVIEWED HIM ALREADY AND ACCORDINGLY HE WAS VERY COOPERATIVE WITH YOU.
HOW DO YOU FIGURE ALL THAT?
IT'S SIMPLE LOGIC.
SINCE MUTILATION IS UNCOMMON FOR RAPISTS, I'D SAY TWO MEN -- YES -- WERE INVOLVED.
AS FOR THE HAIR... A PERSONAL ITEM FOR A PERSONAL MOMENTO.
SUGGESTING THE KILLER HAD A PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS VICTIM, AND WHY HE DUMPED HER BODY WHERE HE DID.
"EXACTLY."

HUH?! WHAT'CHA MEAN?
THE HILL'S A PUBLIC PLACE. HE WANTED HER BODY FOUND SO SHE COULD BE PROPERLY BURIED.
CUTTING OFF HAIR LIKEWISE SUGGESTS THE KILLER WAS ANGRY.
HE PROBABLY BLAMED THE GIRL FOR THE ASSAULT, KILLING HER TO PROTECT THE RAPIST.
SHE HAD A BOYFRIEND UNTIL LATELY...ED WILSON.
GOT HIM RIGHT HERE! FRIENDLY GUY. HELPFUL.
A PROMISING SUSPECT, BUT DON'T FORGET TO SCROUNGE FOR ANY NEW MEN IN HER LIFE.
LISTEN UP... uhm... ED'S GOT A BROTHER JOE. HE'S MEAN.
I'VE BUSTED HIM BEFORE FOR GETTING ROUGH WITH THE LADIES. HE MEETS AT HAL'S TAVERN.
I THINK WE'RE ONTO SOMETHING, HARLEY.
LET ME KNOW HOW IT TURNS OUT. AND DON'T FORGET ABOUT MY FEE.
WE WON'T.
"Fee"?

YOU'RE DUNNING THE FBI?
REALLY, SIR. YOUR MANNERS.

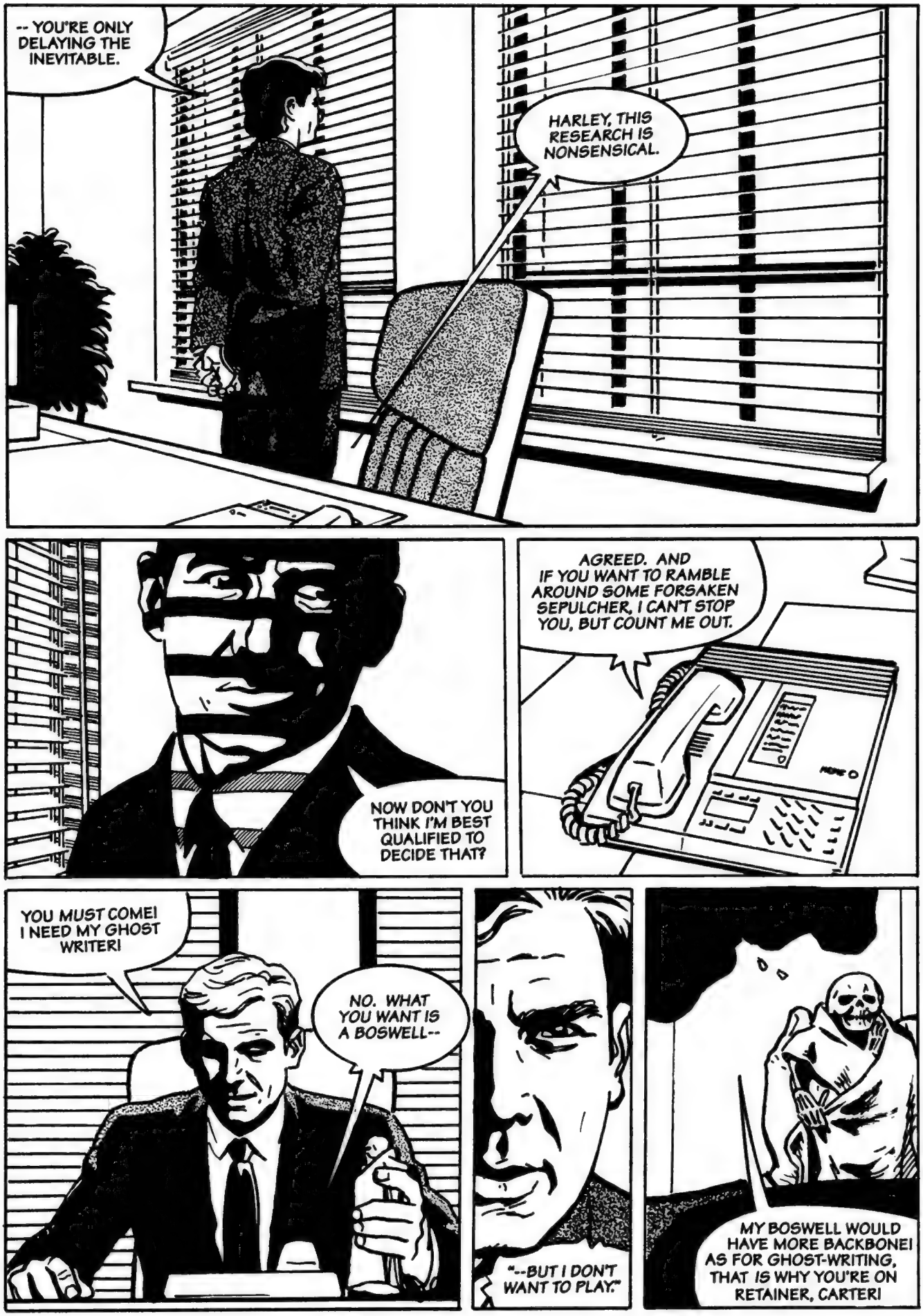
HARLEY DONATES ALL THAT RESEARCH TO OUR CENTER FOR THE ANALYSIS OF VIOLENT CRIME.
I AM A RESEARCHER AFTER ALL.


IN RETURN FOR MY ANALYSIS, SAM AND HART ALLOW ME TO INTERVIEW ANY PERPETRATORS I GUIDE THEM TOWARDS.
YOU SEE "SILENCE OF THE LAMBS"? THAT'S US.


NOT THAT THAT'S RELEVANT TO YOU, CHIEF.
YOU HAVE BETTER THINGS TO OCCUPY YOU.

"SUCH AS RETURNING TO KINGSPORT AND RELEASING MR. STASIS FROM CUSTODY."

sum'bitch.
TRUTH HURTS, DON'T IT?
OH, FOR... ALL RIGHT! DR. WARREN KNOWS HIS STUFF.
HE'S A BETTER SHERLOCK HOLMES THAN ME, BUT A SMUGGER BASTARD I'VE NEVER MET. DAMN!
AND ALL THAT VOODOO CRAP HE COLLECTS!
THAT'S HARLEY FOR YOU. JUST LOVES KILLERS AND CORPSES.
I DON'T THINK SO THE UNKNOWN -- THAT'S WHAT BEWITCHES HIM.
HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE SECRET.
NAH! HE LIKES WHATEVER'S DIFFERENT, WEIRD STUFF, ESPECIALLY SICKOS AND GHOULS.
POLICE
"IF THERE WERE LIFE-TIME PASSES FOR THE NECROPOLIS UNDER PARIS, DR. WARREN WOULD HAVE ONE."
COME, COME, RANDOLPH--


-- YOU'RE ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE.
HARLEY, THIS RESEARCH IS NONSENSICAL.
NOW DON'T YOU THINK I'M BEST QUALIFIED TO DECIDE THAT?
AGREED. AND IF YOU WANT TO RAMBLE AROUND SOME FORSAKEN SEPULCHER, I CAN'T STOP YOU, BUT COUNT ME OUT.
YOU MUST COME! I NEED MY GHOST WRITER!
NO. WHAT YOU WANT IS A BOSWELL--
"--BUT I DON'T WANT TO PLAY."
MY BOSWELL WOULD HAVE MORE BACKBONE! AS FOR GHOST-WRITING, THAT IS WHY YOU'RE ON RETAINER, CARTER!

YES, HARLEY, AND I EARN MY MONEY.
NATURALLY. IT'S PUBLISH OR PERISH, SO I CAN ONLY EMPLOY THE BEST.
YOUR REVISIONS ON MY HISTORY OF THE *NECRONOMICON* PROVE YOU'RE TOP-NOTCH.
BUT LET'S NOT FORGET WHICH OF US IS THE RESEARCHER --
"--AND WHO'S JUST A POOR, SICKLY WRITER."
YOU'RE MAKING MY POINT FOR ME, HARLEY.
UNDERSTOOD. NEVERTHELESS, IF YOU WANT TO REMAIN ON RETAINER, YOU'RE COMING ALONG.
IF YOU'RE FEELING SPRY ENOUGH TO FIND A REAL JOB... FINE.
OTHERWISE... WE GO FOR A GRAVEYARD STROLL -- TONIGHT.

"WHAT DO YOU SAY, CARTER?"
LET'S GO, CARTER! TIME IS WASTING!
I DID SAY BE READY PRECISELY AT ELEVEN.
I AM READY, HARLEY.
SO IT SEEMS. COME ALONG, THEN.
ANYTHING WE'LL NEED TO JIMMY OUR WAY IN IS IN THE CAR.
A STATION WAGON? MOST PROSAIC FOR YOU.
NO. MOST APPROPRIATE FOR OUR NEEDS.
WHATEVER. HOW ARE WE GETTING THERE?
THE GAINSVILLE PIKE TO BIG CYPRESS SWAMP. OUR VAULT IS ON THE BLACK EDGE OF THE SLOUGH.

EARL, YOU SURE WE'LL GET TO THE GAINSVILLE PIKE THIS WAY?
BIG CYPRESS SWAMP 1/2 MILE
DAMNIT, I TOLD YOU TWICE NOW, THIS IS THE GAINSVILLE PIKE!
OH, YEAH... GOT ANY MORE ONION SOUP MIX?
HEY! LOOK AT THAT GUY!
WHERE'D HE COME OUT OF?
"DON'T KNOW, BUT HE LOOKS IN POOR SHAPE."
HEY, PAL! YOU SICK?
HAVE AN ACCIDENT?
"WHAT'SA'MATTA WITH HIM, EARL?"
"THINK HE'S IN SHOCK! GET HIM IN THE TRUCK!"

"I REPEAT TO YOU, GENTLEMEN, THAT YOUR INQUISITION IS FRUITLESS."
EVERYTHING I CAN REMEMBER, I HAVE TOLD YOU WITH PERFECT CANDOR.
St. LUKE'S
WE KNOW, MR. CARTER, AND WE APPRECIATE THAT.
BUT JUST ONCE MORE, HARLEY HAS RETAINED YOU FOR FIVE YEARS...
AS HIS REVISIONIST. YES.
I STILL DON'T GET WHY HE WANTED YOU TO TAG ALONG.
ARE YOU GOING TO ARREST ME? I NEED TO KNOW.
WELL... NO. I MEAN... THERE'S NO EVIDENCE. NO PROOF A FELONY EVEN OCCURRED.
ALL WE HAVE IS YOUR STATEMENT THAT HARLEY'S MISSING.
AS FOR WHAT ALL YOU CLAIMED HAPPENED TO YOU LAST NIGHT--

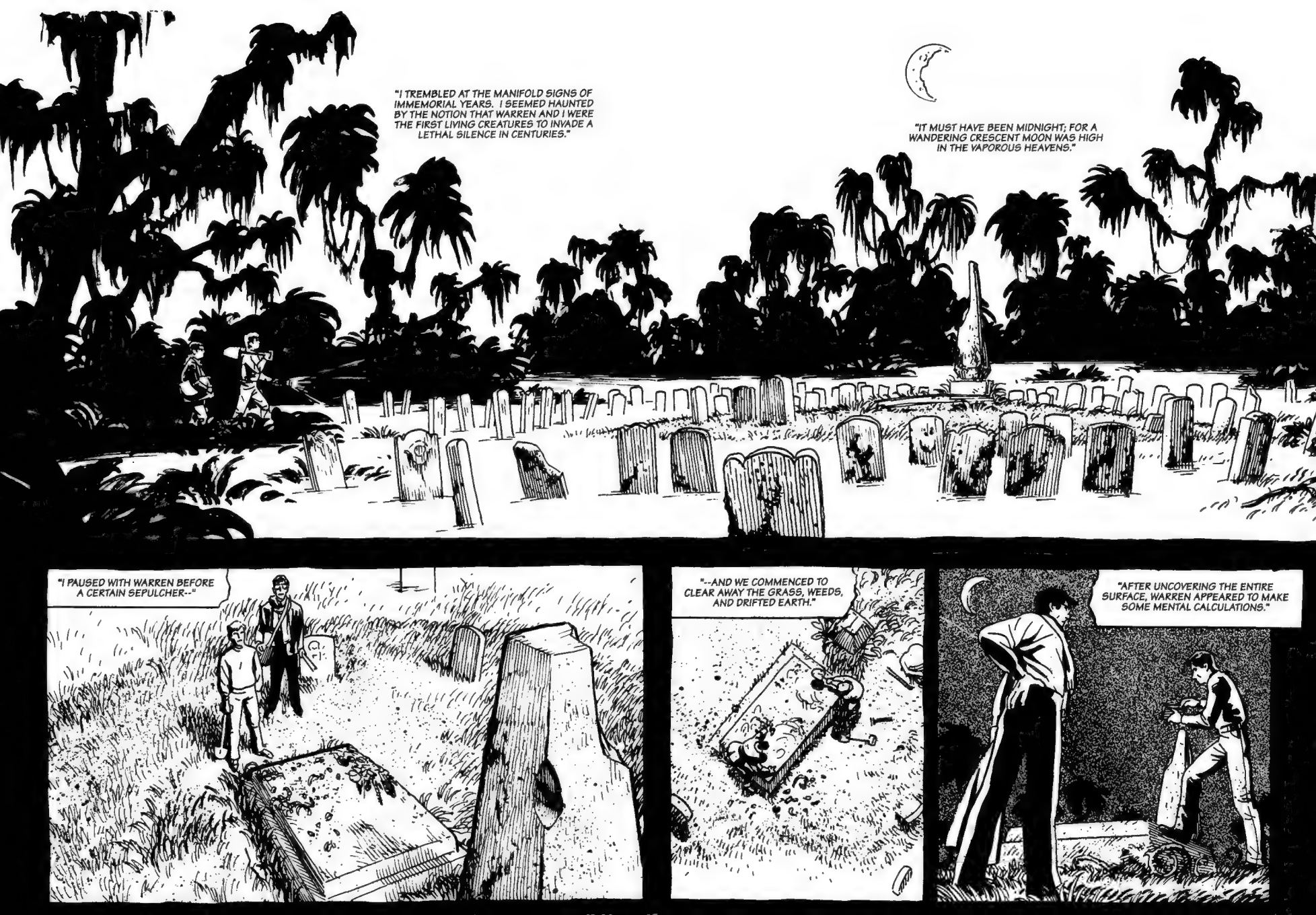
"--WE CAN'T EVEN FIND THE GRAVEYARD."
SO YOU'VE SAID. I TRIED GIVING YOU DIRECTIONS.
WARREN COERCED ME TO THAT CEMETERY LAST NIGHT.
THAT WASN'T A VISION, AND IT WASN'T A NIGHTMARE.
BUT WHY?
WHY DID HE FORCE YOU?
BECAUSE WARREN WAS A NARCISSIST!
YOU KNEW HIM. THE SUPERNATURAL OBSESSED HIM.
HE WAS CONVINCED HE'D MADE SOME OCCULT BREAKTHROUGH--
--ALL BECAUSE OF SOME GRIMOIRE HE RECENTLY PURCHASED.
"RECENTLY"? THERE YOU GO!
SNAP!
WHO'D HARLEY BUY THAT BOOK FROM?
I DON'T KNOW. I'M AFRAID HE LET SLIP FEW PARTICULARS.

HE DID MENTION THE DEALER'S NAME, PYTER KNOLL, AND THAT THE GRIMOIRE WAS ORIGINALLY FROM INDIA.
WHAT WAS THE BOOK?
WARREN WOULDN'T SAY.
WHAT MORE DO YOU KNOW ABOUT KNOLL?
"WARREN DID SAY HE A WAS A DARK MAN, BUT THAT'S ALL."
"IT SEEMED APPROPRIATE TO HIM."
"WHOEVER KNOLL REPRESENTED HAD READ WARREN'S HISTORY OF THE NEKRONOMIKON, NEEDED MONEY, AND HOPED WARREN WOULD BE INTERESTED IN A RARER GRIMOIRE."
THE "NECA--" WHAT?!
"NEKRONOMIKON."

"IT MEANS, 'THE BOOK OF THAT WHICH IS BINDING (OR CUSTOMARY) AMONG THE DEAD.' THEODORUS PHILETUS RENAMED IT THAT IN A.D. 950 AFTER TRANSLATING THE ORIGINAL ARABIC INTO GREEK."
"ORIGINALLY IT WAS TITLED AL AZIF -- 'AZIF' IS AN ARAB WORD USED TO DESIGNATE THE HOWLING SOUND OF NOCTURNAL DEMONS -- WHEN IT WAS COMPOSED IN A.D. 730 BY THE POET ABDUL ALHAZRED AT DAMASCUS."
"ALHAZRED CLAIMED TO HAVE COLLECTED THE MATERIAL FOR HIS GRIMOIRE WHILE WANDERING ALONE IN THE DESERT OF ARABY FOR A DECADE, WHERE HE DISCOVERED THE ANNALS AND SECRETS OF A RACE OLDER THAN MANKIND IN THE RUINS OF A NAMELESS CITY. HE WAS AN INDIFFERENT MOSLEM WHO TOOK UP WORSHIPPING ENTITIES HE CALLED YOG-SOTHOTH AND CTHULHU."
"SUPPOSEDLY ALHAZRED PAID A TERRIBLE PRICE FOR WRITING AL AZIF; IT'S SAID HUNDREDS OF WITNESSES WATCHED AS AN INVISIBLE DEMON DEVOURED THE POET ON A MARKET STREET IN A.D. 738."
HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS HOW WARREN UNCOVERED HIS RESEARCH, BUT HE DID DO A BRILLIANT JOB. SO DID I, IF I MAY SAY SO.

SURE SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING HARLEY'D OWN.
SO HE BOUGHT THIS OTHER BOOK, AND SOMETHING IN IT SET HIM OFF?
I'M AFRAID SO.
"HE WOULDN'T SAY WHAT HE'D READ IN THE BOOK, BUT AS TO THE NATURE OF OUR EXCURSION --"
"-- HE TALKED INCESSANTLY OF FINDING OUT WHY CERTAIN CORPSES NEVER DECAY --"
"-- BUT REST FIRM AND FAT IN THEIR TOMBS FOR A THOUSAND YEARS."
BIG CYPRESS SWAMP
1/2 MILE

TOMBS ARE, ACCORDING TO HARLEY, SOMEHOW FUNCTIONAL PLACES.
"'WHEN NIGHT FALLS,' HE SAID, 'THEY HALLOW THEMSELVES OUT, AND STRETCH DEEP INTO SUBTERRANEAN TUNNELS.'"
WARREN TRULY BELIEVED SEPULCHERS ARE WAITING ORIFICES TO AN ... UNDERNEATH... OF SECRETS."
"'GOING DOWN THIS GULF, CARTER, IS SIMULTANEOUSLY A DESCENT INTO THE EARTH AND THE PAST.'"
SO THIS EXCURSION WAS REALLY AN EXPEDITION. HARLEY PLANNED ALL ALONG TO BREAK INTO A CRYPT AND-- UH...?
AND SEE REVEALED FOR HIMSELF THE DARKEST AND OLDEST MYSTERIES OF THE STYGIAN UNKNOWN.
Peter Pitte Knoll - grimoire (I
Grimoire - "Nekronomi
Arab. - AD 73
Cemetary - Geiasvill


"I TREMBLED AT THE MANIFOLD SIGNS OF IMMEMORIAL YEARS. I SEEMED HAUNTED BY THE NOTION THAT WARREN AND I WERE THE FIRST LIVING CREATURES TO INVADE A LETHAL SILENCE IN CENTURIES."
"IT MUST HAVE BEEN MIDNIGHT; FOR A WANDERING CRESCENT MOON WAS HIGH IN THE VAPOROUS HEAVENS."
"I PAUSED WITH WARREN BEFORE A CERTAIN SEPULCHER--"
"--AND WE COMMENCED TO CLEAR AWAY THE GRASS, WEEDS, AND DRIFTED EARTH."
"AFTER UNCOVERING THE ENTIRE SURFACE, WARREN APPEARED TO MAKE SOME MENTAL CALCULATIONS."

"IT TOOK OUR COMBINED STRENGTH TO LOOSEN ONE OF THE STONES--"
"--FROM WHICH RUSHED AN EFFLUENCE OF MIASMAL GASES SO NAUSEOUS THAT WE STARTED BACK IN HORROR."
"AFTER AN INTERVAL, HOWEVER, WE APPROACHED THE PIT AGAIN, AND FOUND THE EXHALATIONS LESS UNBEARABLE."
"WARREN'S FLASHLIGHT REVEALED THE TOP OF A FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS, DRIPPING WITH SOME DETESTABLE ICHOR OF THE INNER EARTH, AND BORDERED BY MOIST WALLS ENCRUSTED WITH NITRE."

"WARREN SEEMED SINGULARLY UNPERTURBED BY OUR AWESOME SURROUNDINGS."
SORRY TO ASK YOU TO STAY ON THE SURFACE--
--BUT IT WOULD BE A CRIME TO LET ANYONE WITH YOUR FRAIL NERVES GO DOWN THERE.
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE, EVEN AFTER READING *NEKRONOMIKON*, THE THINGS I SHALL HAVE TO SEE AND DO.
IT'S FIENDISH WORK, CARTER.
AND THE RESPONSIBILITY IS IN A CERTAIN SENSE MINE.
HEAVEN KNOWS I'D BE GLAD ENOUGH TO HAVE YOU WITH ME.
BUT I COULDN'T DRAG A BUNDLE OF NERVES LIKE YOU ALONG.
I TELL YOU, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THE THING IS REALLY LIKE.
BUT I PROMISE TO KEEP YOU INFORMED OVER THIS.

"I CAN STILL HEAR, IN MEMORY, THOSE COOLLY SPOKEN WORDS."
"FOR A MINUTE I KEPT SIGHT OF THE GLOW OF HIS BATTERY LAMP--"
"--BUT SOON IT DISAPPEARED, AS IF A TURN IN THE STONE HAD BEEN ENCOUNTERED."
"I WAS ALONE, YET BOUND TO THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS BY THE WALKIE-TALKIE."
"I CONSTANTLY CONSULTED MY WATCH, BUT FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER HOUR HEARD NOTHING."
"THEN A FAINT CLICKING CAME FROM THE WALKIE-TALKIE, AND I CALLED DOWN TO WARREN."
GOD! IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I AM SEEING!
IT'S TERRIBLE-- MONSTROUS-- UNBELIEVABLE!
WARREN! WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT?
I CAN'T TELL YOU!
NO MAN COULD KNOW IT AND LIVE!
GOD! I NEVER DREAMED OF THIS!
CARTER! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, BEAT IT AND PUT BACK THE SLAB!
IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!
DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN!
WARREN, BRACE UP! I'M COMING DOWN!
DON'T! BETTER ONE THAN TWO--NEARLY OVER NOW.
CURSE THESE HELLISH THINGS --LEGIONS-- MY GOD!
BEAT IT! BEAT IT! BEAT IT!

WARREN! WARREN! ANSWER ME-- ARE YOU THERE?
click... click... click...
WARREN, ARE YOU THERE?
YOU FOOL, WARREN IS DEAD!
DEAD
The End

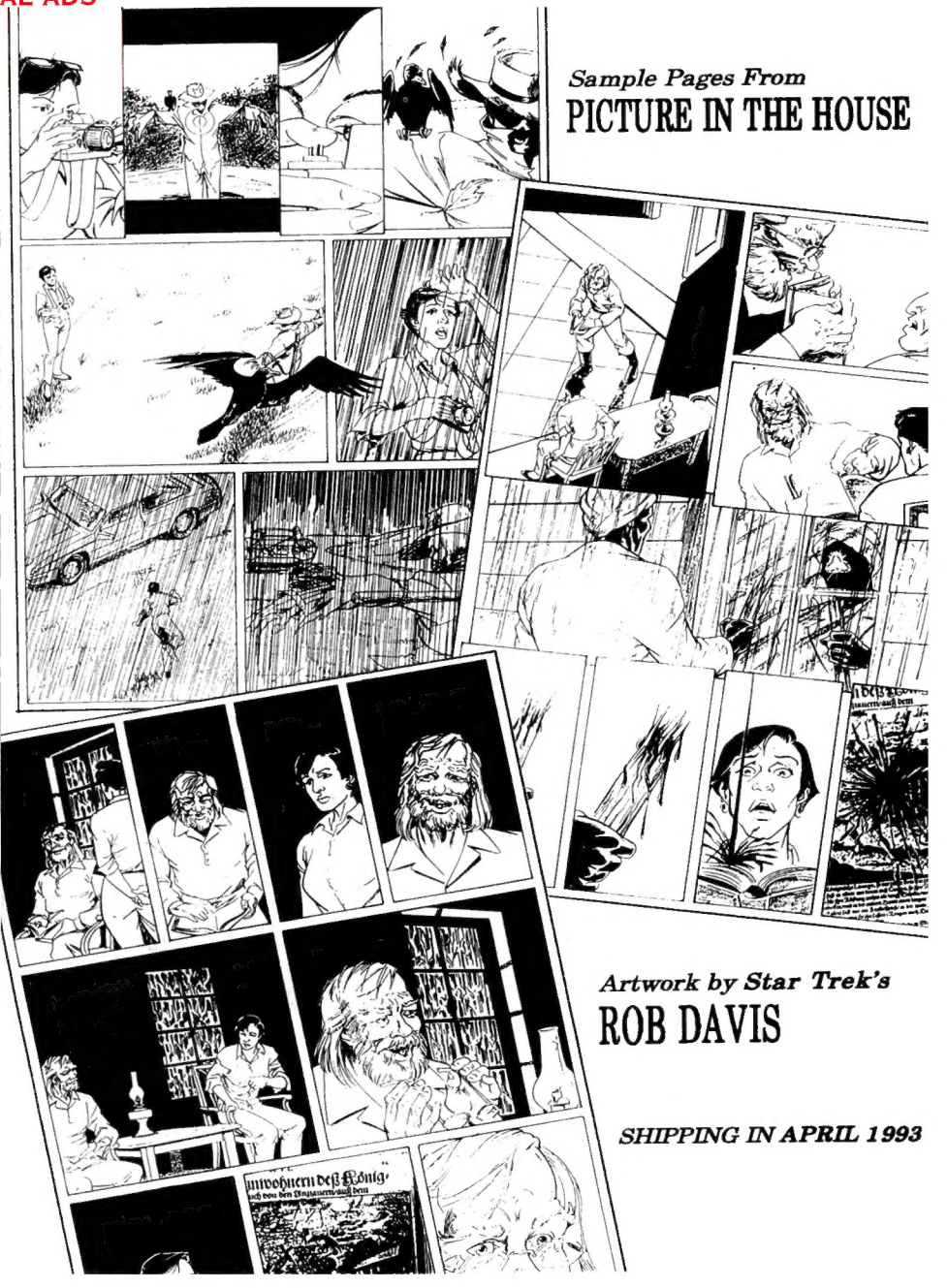
Sample Pages From

DAGON

Artwork by Recipient of the Dark Horse Award at the Joe Kubert School

SERGIO CARIELLO

A TWO-PART STORY SHIPPING IN JUNE AND JULY 1993



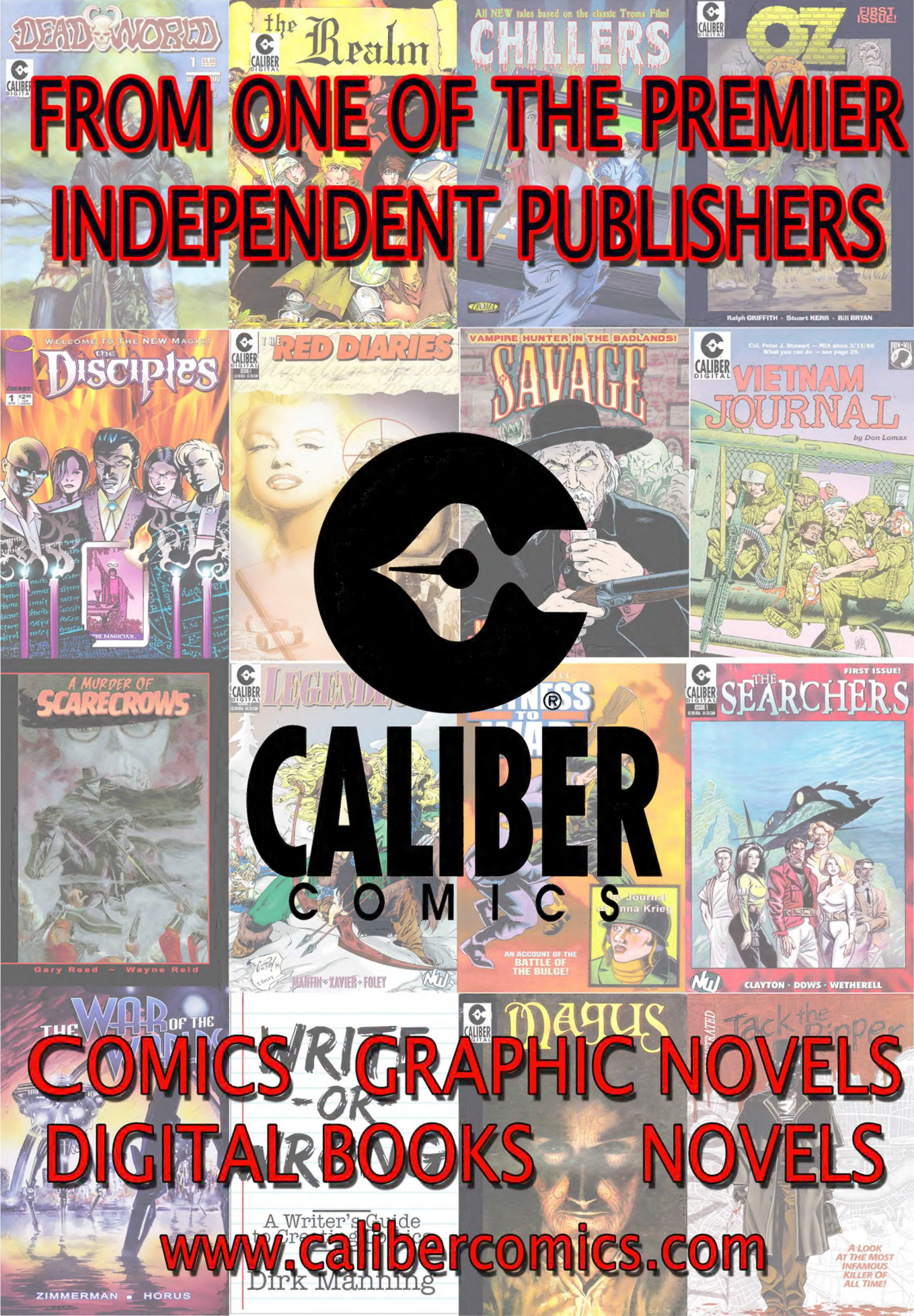
Sample Pages From

PICTURE IN THE HOUSE

Artwork by Star Trek's

ROB DAVIS

SHIPPING IN APRIL 1993


FROM ONE OF THE PREMIER
INDEPENDENT PUBLISHERS
CALIBER
COMICS
COMICS GRAPHIC NOVELS
DIGITAL BOOKS NOVELS
www.calibercomics.com